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A SYLVAN REVERIE.

SCENE. — HAWARDEN PARK. — Mr. Gladstone discovered engaged in felling a tree, surrounded by fourteen hundred Liberals of Bolton. He strikes a few blows; the crowd cheer vociferously. Mr. Gladstone pauses from his labors, reflects a few moments, and then sings *sotto voce*: —

How sweet are the sounds of the popular voice

In an ex-ministerial ear!

How surely I know that the national choice
Must go with the noisiest cheer!

As I gaze upon votaries faithful as those,

And their incense of worship ascends,

I forget for a moment the malice of foes

And — still better — the coldness of friends.

I feel I am great, and I know I am good,

And no longer regret my position

As statesman who's taken to chopping of wood

And abandoned the paths of ambition.

Is it vanity prompting me? is it self-love?

Can I, safe in my conscience, decide

That it is not such feelings my bosom that move?

Yes . . . I think it's legitimate pride.

I am not — or I hope not — a lover of praise;

I am humble — I hope so at least.

It will do me no harm — on occasional days —

Such a rich popularity-feast.

For perhaps I am great, and I think I am good,

And it's surely a mark of submission

To take, though a statesman, to chopping of wood,

And abandon the paths of ambition.

[He strikes a few more blows with his axe: then again pauses. The cheering is renewed.]

How simple I look! how unconsciously grand,

As I rest from my toil for a space,

With my waistcoat thrown off, and my axe in my hand,

And humanity's dew on my face!

Oh, my brethren in toil, who stand wond'ring around,

By what ties have I bound you to me!

An orator, scholar, and statesman renowned,

Condescending to cut down a tree!

Yes, I know I am great, something tells me I'm good;

And I feel it's a lofty position,

A statesman's, who's taken to chopping of wood,

And forsaken the paths of ambition.

[He gazes round him for a few moments with visibly increasing complacency.]

The consular woodman! this citizen-host!

Could the old world's imperial queen

In the days of her early simplicity boast

A more nobly republican scene?

Let me think, as I watch the admirers who note

The simple pursuits of my home,

Of Lucius Quinctius summoned by vote

Of the State from the furrow to Rome.

Yes, I feel I am great, and I know I am good,

And I'm greater by far, with submission,

As statesman, when occupied chopping of wood

Than when treading the paths of ambition.

But Rome? Is it Roman or Greek that's recalled?

'Tis the heroes so dear to my pen,

Pelides, whose war-cry the Trojans appalled,

Agamemnon the leader of men.

For have I not led men aright when astray?

Turned them back from the false to the true?

And do not the Tories and Turks with dismay

Recollect what my war-cry can do?

Yes, yes, I am great, and I surely am good,

Or I could not endure the position

Of statesman resigned to the chopping of wood,

And renouncing the paths of ambition.

But both Roman dictator and Danaan chief

In one cardinal point I excel,

For I am — as I hazard the humble belief —

Conscientiously Christian as well.

And content with all this, let detractors repeat —

As with angry persistence they do —

That my claim to their homage I p'raps might complete

Were I only an Englishman too.

Let them rave — I am great; let them sneer — I am good;

And they vex not the happy condition

Of statesmen who, taking to chopping of wood,

Have abandoned the paths of ambition.

Pall Mall Gazette.

MORNING-GLORY.

WONDROUS interlacement!

Holding fast to threads, by green and silky rings,

With the dawn it spreads its white and purple wings;

Generous in its bloom, and sheltering while it clings,

Sturdy morning-glory;

Creeping through the casement,

Slanting to the floor in dusty shining beams,

Dancing on the door in quick, fantastic gleams,

Comes the new day's light, and pours in tideless streams,

Golden morning-glory.

In the lowly basement,

Rocking in the sun, the baby's cradle stands;

Now the little one thrusts out its rosy hands;

Soon his eyes will open; then in all the lands

No such morning-glory!

Transcript

From The Edinburgh Review.
THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH.*

WILLIAM HARRISON, the author of this account of England in the days of Shakespeare's youth, was, when Holinshead applied to him to furnish descriptions of Britain and England as an introduction to his well-known "Chronicles," a country clergyman, rector of Radwinter, near Colchester, and domestic chaplain to Sir William Brooke, Lord Cobham. In some respects he might have been thought singularly unfitted for the task, for on his own confession he had never travelled "forty miles forth right," or right on end, "in one journey in all his life." In others no better man could have been found for the purpose. He was the friend of Camden and Smith and Lambard, and had all the book-learning on the topography and antiquities of the country at his fingers' ends; besides he had long been engaged in compiling a "Chronologie" of his own, to which these descriptions, which he modestly calls a "pamphlet" in his preface to his patron, were mere child's play. The indefatigable Mr. Furnivall, to whom the world is indebted for this reprint, has succeeded in ferreting out from the Diocesan Library of Derry in three enormous volumes the MS. of that "Chronology" which Harrison considered his *magnum opus*, and to which he refers in his "Description." In this compilation he had amassed an enormous amount of information, and out of this, together "with letters and pamphlets from sundrie places and shires of England," he, in a comparatively short space of time, completed his "Descriptions," though not altogether to his own satisfaction, for in the same preface he calls it "a foule frizeled treatise to stand in lieu of a description of my Countrie." "But," he adds, "howsoever it be done, and whatsoever I have done, I have had an especial eye unto the truth of things." It is evident from this account of the "Description" that it was likely to be a production of very unequal interest. Whole

chapters are, as Mr. Furnivall points out, mere stuffing and padding derived from the works of other writers, while in all that depended on Harrison's own observation there is a life and freshness which are irresistibly attractive.

We may as well dispose of the few particulars known of Harrison's life before we turn to the "Description" itself. "Happily for us," says Mr. Furnivall in his peculiar style, "William Harrison was not one of those dignified prigs who are afraid of writing about themselves in their books." He tells us in the "Description" that he was born in London, and he mentions the fact more particularly in his "Chronologie" under the year 1534. "The author of this boke is borne upon ye 18 of April, hora 11, minute 4, secunde 56, at London, in Cordwainer Streete, otherwise called bowe lane, in ye house next to the holly lambe towards Chepeside, and in ye parish of St. Thomas the Apostle." Living in the neighborhood, he was sent to St. Paul's School, then the most famous place of education in England; but we are not quite sure that Mr. Furnivall is right in saying that Harrison was at Westminster School as well; for though he says at p. 83 of his "Description" that he was "sometimes an unprofitable grammarian in Westminster School, under the reverend father Master Nowell, now deane of Paul's," we think the word "grammarian" might imply that he was not a learner but a teacher of grammar in that celebrated school. Whether he were at one or both of those schools, there is no doubt that he was both at Oxford and Cambridge, and of each he spoke with equal love. In 1569 he proceeded to the degree of bachelor of divinity at Cambridge under a grace which calls him an M.A. of Oxford of seven years' standing. Before this in 1558-9, while domestic chaplain to Lord Cobham, he had been inducted to the rectory of Radwinter, on the presentation of his patron, a preferment which he held till his death. Let no one be startled to hear — though many in his own day were shocked at it — that Harrison was a pluralist. He was not at all like one of our recent modern pluralist rectors of Much and Little Hadham; for the clear yearly

* *Harrison's Description of England in Shakespeare's Youth.* The 2nd and 3rd Books, edited from the first two editions of Holinshead's Chronicle, by F. J. FURNIVALL, for the New Shakspeare Society. London: 1877.

value of Radwinter Rectory was 21*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*, tithes 2*l.* 3*s.* 2 1-2*d.*; while that of Wimbish Vicarage, his other living, was 8*l.*, tithes 16*s.* 32*l.* 10*s.* 6 1-2*d.* in all. By this scanty pittance he supported himself, his wife, and his children, on an income which he made up to 40*l.* a year, and though he could not be called "rich" with that annual income, it was enough for his wants. On it he spent the best part of his life at Radwinter working away at his "Chronology," running up for a month or two to write this pamphlet his "Description" away from his books, bringing up his children not without the use of the rod,* and even collecting Roman coins, which were probably to be had for the asking, and not run up to fabulous prices as at our modern auctions. He took pains with his garden, too, in which, though its area covered but three hundred feet of ground, there was "a simple" for each foot of ground, "no one of them being common or usually to be had." Sometimes we gather from his preface that he paid a visit to Lord Cobham in Kent, but wherever he was we may be sure, from his "Description," that he kept his eyes open, and saw all that was to be seen. We suppose that his "Description," must have brought him fame. Perhaps the high praise which he paid to Elizabeth, and the good testimony which he bore to the virtue of her court, fell gently on the royal ear. On April 2, 1586, William Harrison was appointed canon of Windsor, and at once installed. This preferment he held for seven years. In 1593 he died, apparently at Windsor, and was buried there, though there is no record either of the day of his death or of the place of his interment.

Turning now to this "Description of England" by this shrewd observer, it is with some regret we find that Mr. Furnivall has not thought the first book, the "Description of Britaine," sufficiently interesting to reprint. He calls it "a long and dull historical and topographical book,"

* In book iii., which is to form the second volume of this reprint, Harrison says, speaking of his mastiff, "If I had beaten anie of my children he would gentle have assaied to catch the rod in his teeth and take it out of my hand, or else pluck down their clothes to save them from the stripes." In which perhaps we see the old school usher peeping out.

and even lays on it the blame that the "Description of England" is not "a thousand times more widely known." It is perfectly true that any stick will serve to beat a dog; but, to our minds, who have known Harrison long before this reprint was thought of, the 1st book is as interesting as the 2nd or 3rd, and some readers might think it more so. A better reason might be the length to which the reprint of Harrison's "Pamphlet" would have run, if all these three books had been published by the New Shakspeare Society; but this is scarcely a sufficient excuse. In such matters it is never worth while to make two bites of a cherry, and it could have mattered little to the members of the New Shakspeare Society if Harrison's "Description" had filled two or three volumes, except that in the first case they would have been put into possession of a mutilated and in the second of a complete edition of the work. We must, however, be thankful for what we have got, and after this protest we turn to Mr. Furnivall's reprint of the second book.

As a Churchman it is not unnatural that Harrison should begin with the constitution of the Church in England. Standing between the new state of things in England and the old, while he inveighs against the abuses of the Church of Rome he is not silent as to the evils peculiar to the Reformation. If he calls Becket in his first chapter "the old cock of Canterburie," after whom "all the young cockerells of other sees crowed," and complains of the pride and sloth and luxury of Romish times, he is not slow to remark how the recent suppression of conferences of the clergy and laity by the ecclesiastical authorities had worked perniciously to the Reformed Church; for those gatherings and conferences, or "prophecings" as they were also called, "stirred the parsons to applie to their bookes, which otherwise would give themselves to hawking, hunting, tables, cards, dice, tipling at the alehouse, shooting of matches, and other like vanities." At the same time Harrison complains of the burdens which were laid upon an impoverished Church now that it had been stripped of its lands and possessions, so that it has "now become the asse

whereon every market man is to ride and cast his wallet." The prelates of old were covetous and the pope grasping after first-fruits and Peter's-pence; but what was to be said of the covetousness of patrons under the new system? Of whom some "do bestow advowsons upon their bakers, butlers, cooks, falconers, and horse keepers," while others forced them to pay for their "hawkes-meat," or to let glebes to them for a tenth of their value, and so "scrape the wool from the cloaks of us parsons." Nor are the glimpses which he gives us of the condition of the fabrics of the churches themselves without interest, as when he notes how Popish "images and monuments of idolatrie are remooved from the churches," "onelie the stories on glasse windows excepted which are let to stay for a while from the scarcity and cost of white glass." In his treatment of saints' days Harrison is thoroughly Protestant, and makes a proposition to combine the religious and civil holidays, which would bring tears into the eyes of those earnest young men and women who date their letters on the "Vigil of St. Brice" or on the "Feast of St. Machutus." Thus, though he expresses great satisfaction at the reduction of saints' days in the calendar to twenty-seven, while under the pope they were "four score and fiftene, together with superfluous numbers of idle wakes, guilds, fraternities, church-ales, help-ales, and soule-ales called also dirge-ales, and heathenish rioting at bride-ales," he adds, "And no great matter were it if the feastes of all our apostles, evangelists, and martyrs, with that of all saints, were brought to the holidays that follow upon Christmasse, Easter, and Whitsuntide; and those of the Virgin Marie with the rest utterlie removed from the calendars, as neither necessarie nor commendable in a reformed church." In dress the reformed ministers presented a praiseworthy and remarkable contrast to that of their Popish predecessors. "Those blind Sir Johns, who went either in diverse colors like plaiers, or in garments of light hew as yellow, red, greene, etc., with their shoes piked; so that to meet a priest in those daies was to behold a peacock that spreadeth his taile

when he danseth before the henne." The hint may be of use to the variegated section of our modern clergy.

As for the universities, though he praises Henry VIII. for reproving his courtiers when they wished him to divide among them the estates of those learned bodies as he had done those of the Church, he is so far from finding the education of young men at Oxford and Cambridge perfect, that he deplores over and over again "the packing and bribery practised at elections for fellowships and scholarships," and how "poore men's children are commonly shut out by the rich, whose sons ruffle and roist it out, exceeding in apparel, and haunting riotous companie, which draweth them from their bookes unto another trade." In one point Harrison is quite agreed with our modern university reformers. He is dead against "idle fellowships," and declares that after forty years of age such men become drones and "live on the fat of the colleges, withholding better wits from the possession of their places." "Long continuance at the university," he declares, "is either a signe of lacke of friends, or of learning, or of a good and upright life; as Bishop Fox sometimes noted, who thought it sacrilege for a man to tarrie any longer at Oxford than he had a desire to profit." In spite of all this the professors and the working-men at the universities were equal to the best in any foreign nation, and if they would only give up going to Italy, from which they generally returned corrupted, Harrison would be quite satisfied with them. The general ignorance and incompetence of the country clergy, noted by almost every divine of the time as well, drives Harrison to another proposition in which neither the patrons of livings in his own nor in our age would be likely to agree. He thinks that the university authorities should have the sole power of appointing to Church livings; for if "this order were taken, then should the Church be provided of good pastors by whom God should be glorified, the universities better stored, the Simoniack practices of patrons utterlie abolished, and the people better trained to live in obedience to God and their prince, which were an happy estate."

So wrote Harrison of the Church and the universities, painting his description in sad and sober grey; for to no writer, however able, is it given to rise above the circumstances which surround him, and from the conditions of his existence; and the eyes of a man insensibly catch the color of his cloth. William Harrison certainly is no exception to the rule. He was a country parson with poor preferment, and his book is sobered and saddened by the hard experiences of his daily life. But for all that — though he often hardly seems to see it — it was an age of wonderful progress, and the England of the Virgin Queen was striding towards wealth and power at a pace which would have astonished the cautious Henry VII.; just as the stingy George III. would rub his eyes and wring his hands could he behold this imperial London of Victoria, with all its wealth and luxury. Henry VIII. had created the young giant and set him, so to speak, on his legs, and though Mary had done her best to bind him with spiritual swaddling clothes, he had cast them off and was now rejoicing to run his course in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

At no time had the lower nobility and the gentlemen and merchants had such a field for advancement. The Wars of the Roses and the policy of Henry VII. had broken and almost destroyed the old nobility of the land, and under Henry VIII. the power of the Church was uprooted, and its estates bestowed on new comers. There never had been such days for new men, and the new men were not slow to avail themselves of their opportunity. As for the old temporal peers, they had dwindled to one marquis, Winchester, twenty earls, two viscounts, and forty-three barons. There had been dukes in England, and one duke even in Elizabeth's reign; but before Harrison wrote the treacherous nature of the Duke of Norfolk had found its fitting end on the scaffold, and Harrison, in this as in many others the *laudator temporis acti*, does not fail to remark, "The title of duke . . . now a name of honor, although perished in England, whose ground will not long beare one duke at once; but if there were earles in time past, or as there be now earles, I do not think but that they would flourish and prosper well enough." That they have so flourished and prospered since Harrison's time, any one may see who will turn to the peerage and count our modern dukes, when it will not be unprofitable also to reckon the number of marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons which the age of

Victoria has to set against that of Elizabeth. So much for the "lords temporal," but where came the bishops in Harrison's days? He classes them with "lords of office," or what we should call "life-lords."

Unto this place [he says] I refer our bishops who are called lords and hold the same room in the Parliament-house with the barons . . . and whose countenances in time past were much more glorious than at this present it is; because these lustie prelates sought after earthlie estimation and authoritie with farre more diligence than after the lost sheepe of Christ. . . . Howbeit in these days these estates remaineth no lesse reverend than before. . . . They retainne also the ancient name "lord" still, although it be not a little impugned by such as love either to heare of change of all things or can abide no superiors.

Passing from these remnants of a temporal and spiritual past, Harrison proceeds, in his account of the degrees of people in England, to the great class of gentlemen out of which in due time a new nobility was to be created. "Gentlemen," according to him, "be those whom their race and blood, or at the least their virtues, do make noble and knowne." Thus there are gentlemen whose ancestors are known to have come in with the Conqueror, and others who having distinguished themselves in arts or in arms "can live without manuell labor." "Such a man," adds Harrison ironically, "who will bear the porte, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, shall for monie have a cote and arms bestowed upon him by heralds . . . and be called 'Master,' which is the title that men give to esquires and gentlemen, and be reputed a gentleman ever after. By this arrangement the crown loses nothing; for the gentleman, when called to the warres pays for his own outfit. His title hurts no man but himself; if he chooses to 'walk in 'wider buskens than his legs will beare,' or as the proverb says 'bear a bigger saile, than his boat is able to 'susteine.'" From all which it is easy to see that our worthy Essex rector thought little of such herald's gentlemen, while he esteemed greatly gentlemen of Norman blood; "for of the Saxon races yet remaining," he says, "we now make none accompt." But in nothing, perhaps, does he show his sturdy old conservative nature more characteristically than in the way in which he inveighs against foreign travel, and noblemen and gentlemen sending their sons to Italy, "from whence they bring home nothing but meere atheisme, infidelitie, vicious con-

versation, and ambitious and proud behavior." As for unhappy Italy, to which England as well as all the world had been so indebted, the very mention of her name acts on Harrison as red cloth to a bull—he bellows and stamps the ground, and can find no worse epithet for a gentleman or a scholar of that day than to say that he is "Italianate."

Another class had enormously increased in England in those latter days, and that in a way not altogether to Harrison's liking. These were the merchants. There were too many of them—just as there were too many lawyers, a profession worse even to Harrison than Italians—and they sinned in two ways; first in carrying the necessities of life out of the land to other countries, and so making them dear at home, and secondly in having a monopoly of foreign trade, and so keeping up the price of imports. "In times past," groans Harrison in accents which it would have done Cobden good to hear, "when the strange bottoms were suffered to come in, we had sugar for fourepence the pound, that now is worth halfe a crowne; raisons or corints [raisins and currants] for a penie, that now are holden at sixpence, and sometimes at eight and ten pence the pound; nutmegs at twopence halfe a penie the ounce. Ginger at a penie an ounce . . . cinnamon at foure pence the ounce, cloves at two pence an ounce, and pepper at twelve or sixteen pence the pound." Lest any one should think that the price of spices such as cinnamon, cloves, or nutmegs could not be a serious object to householders in any age, they must remember that old English cookery made very great use of them, and that many of the dishes in that age were rendered as nauseous with cloves and nutmegs as that most famous but most disgusting of all dainties, "lamb stuffed with assafetida." Worse still, these wicked merchants were not content with their old trade to "Spaine, Portingal, France, Flanders, Danske, Norwaie, Scotland, and Irelande onelie;" but have "soughte out the East and West Indies, and made," to Harrison, "suspicious voiajes not onlie unto the Canaries and New Spaine, but likewise unto Cathaia, Moscovia, Tartaria, and the regions there about, from whence, as they saie," but Harrison does not believe them, "they bring home great commodities. But alas, I see not by all their travell that the prices of things are in any whit abated." In all which who does not hear the cry re-echoed in this age too by all who have fixed incomes, that everything gets

dearer and dearer, while their means to provide for themselves and their families grow less and less? Whatever we may think of our own time, we see clearly that Harrison's outcry against merchants and their prices is but a confession of the increase of England's wealth and prosperity, in an age when those very merchants with their bold ventures were laying the foundations of that enormous system of trade which has made England the mistress of the world. Even for the monopolies of which he complains much might he said. They were as useful in the infancy of commerce as they are prejudicial to its maturity, as encouraging a new class of men to risk their capital in enterprises on which without that security they could not have been induced to embark. They were the ladder by which England climbed to the top of the tree, and it would be as unphilosophic to abuse them in Elizabeth's reign as it would be false political economy to advocate their continuance in an age when commerce needs no leading-strings.

Besides the merchants there were yeomen in England, a class which will soon be as extinct among us as the woolly-haired rhinoceros and the cave-bear of our prehistoric period. A yeoman, according to Harrison, was "a freeborne Englishman who could spend of his owne free land in yearlie revenue six pounds." They lived well and worked hard, and made money by the increased price paid for their produce. So that these little farmers, too, had a share in the national advancement, and were able to buy out poor gentlemen, and educating their sons at schools and universities, so made them gentlemen, and left them capital. "These were they," says Harrison with honest pride, "that in times past made all France afraid. And albeit they be not called 'Master' as gentlemen are"—like Master Shallow—"or 'Sir' as to knights appertaineth"—like Sir John Falstaff—"but onelie 'John' and 'Thomas,' 'yet have they been founde to have doone verie good service; and the kings of England, in foughten battels, were woont to remaine among them, who were their footmen, as the French kings did amongst their horsemen; the prince thereby shewing where his chiefe strength did consist." Such were the yeoman of Harrison's time, worthy sons of those who had conquered at Cressy, Agincourt, and Flodden. Men who afterwards went with Sidney and the Veres and Ogle to the Low Countries, who steadily withstood the Spantards at Nieuport, and defied the leaguer of Ostend.

As Cromwell's Ironsides they broke the power of Charles and his Cavaliers, and swarmed up to London with Monk when the second Charles came to what he called his own again. When England began to maintain a regular standing army, and military service was no longer national but mercenary, we do not find the yeomen so constant to the wars. But their arms were felt at Landen and Neerwinden under William of Orange, and they helped to win the wonderful series of victories which adorn the career of Marlborough. Perhaps there were still a few of them at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and at Culloden the Butcher Cumberland may have led some against the Highland clans. Wellington's glorious campaigns were fought and his victories won by armies moulded out of such vile materials, that they justified the remark that a good general can make a soldier out of anything. Certainly there were few yeomen in his ranks. In these modern times if we ask for the English yeoman and what has become of him, the answer must be a reference to those Domesday Books of the three kingdoms which tell the fatal truth that the land of Great Britain and Ireland has passed into the possession of a few thousand owners, who, if they were all mustered, would not make up one of the *corps d'armée* of Germany or France. Things of course might be worse even than this, and we may still come to that worse condition. We remember that Sparta, the soldier-state when ancient Greece was Greece indeed, had passed, when the Romans took possession of it, into the hands of one or two heiresses.

The fourth and last class of the English community are the day-laborers and artificers. As for slaves and bondsmen, says Harrison, "we have none." Nay, "if anie come hither from other realms, so soone as they set foote on land they become as free of condition as their masters." These laborers and artificers have no rule in the country but are to be ruled, though sometimes they serve the State on inquests, and are made churchwardens, sidesmen and aleconners, "and even constables." But this class, too, was feeling the prosperity of the times and the growing wealth of the upper classes. As for the artificers, they never had more encouragement and were never better workmen, but they labored under a great fault, that of scamping their work, and "so bungle up and despatch many things, they care not how so they be out of their hands, whereby," adds Harrison, "the buier is often

sore defrauded and findeth to his cost that hast maketh wast according to the proverbe;" where again one might fancy he heard an employer of labor under Victoria complaining that the British workman was going to the dogs, and took no heed of the way in which his work was turned out so that he had got it done. And yet whenever any piece of plate or furniture or needlework of the Elizabethan age turns up in an auction room we rush to pay fool's prices for it, and carry it off declaring that the English handicraftsmen in those days were very different and very much better than those of our own time. But the branch of laborers which most showed the luxury of the times was that of the serving-men, whose numbers were such that Harrison calls them "great swarms." Of course great swarms, and especially "idle swarms," of servants mean rich masters. It is in vain that Harrison quotes the proverb, "Young serving-men old beggars;" "for them as much as now service was no inheritance," or, as he calls it, "none heritage." In vain, too, he points out that such idle fellows "are enemies to their masters, to their friends, and to themselves." To support them their masters are driven to extortion towards their tenants from whom these very serving-men sprang. In this was they injure their friends and waste young gentlemen's estates. As for themselves they take in the end to highway robbery, and so come to the gibbet. England keeps more of them than any other nation, and "the number of such idle vagabonds should be lessened, else it will be worse for the state." Yet in spite of these and other protests the swarms of serving-men went on increasing.

So many degrees of men and such increase of idleness means so many more mouths to be fed; and this, says Harrison, is all the more serious, "because the situation of our region being near unto the north doth cause the heate of our stomachs to be of somewhat greater force; therefore our bodies doo crave a little more ample nourishment than the inhabitants of the hotter regions." "It is no marvel, therefore, that our tables have always been more plentifully garnished than those of other nations, and even the Scots," says Harrison, "have of late years given themselves under verie ample and large diet and now exceed us in tabling and belly-cheere." Very different were they from the North Britons of more ancient times who supported themselves for days in their bogs and marshes on a "certain

confection" of the size of "a beane;" or better still on nothing at all, by merely creeping up to their chins in water, and so "qualifying the heat of their stomachs." Either of which practices we recommend for adoption to the Local Government Board as a safe way both of reducing the rates and the population. Not at all after this old Scottish sort was the diet of the Englishman of Harrison's time, though here again the groan against luxury and increased prices is heard. "Here," he says, "it is lawful for every man to feede upon whatsoever he is able to purchase, except it be upon those daies whereon eating of flesh is especially forbidden by the laws of the realme," where he is too good a Protestant to admit that this regulation had anything to do with the old Popish restraints, and tells us "this order is taken onelie to the end that our numbers of cattle may be the better increased, and that abundance of fish which the sea yieldeth more generally received." As to which we only say that we wish an order were now taken which should make butchers' meat cheaper, or which could bring fish at a moderate cost to our doors. Still in spite of this order, and the great increase of prices, Harrison finds that whereas what he calls white meats, that is milk, butter, and cheese, were in old times the main fare of the better classes, they were in his time, "though very deer, onelie eaten by the poor," while all other classes ate flesh, fish, and "wild and tame fowles." As for the nobilitie — whose cooks were for the most part "musical-headed Frenchmen and strangers" — there was no end to their number of dishes and change of meat. "Every day they had beef, mutton, veale, lambe, kid, pork, conie, capon, or pig" — sucking pig we suppose when in season — "together with red or fallow deer, fish and wild fowle," with sundry other delicacies "wherein the sweet hand of the sea-faring Portingale is not wanting; so that for a man to dine with one of them and to taste of everie dish that standeth before him, is rather to yelde to a conspiracy with a great deal of meat for the suppression of natural health, than to satisfie himself with a competent repast." But for all this plenty neither noblemen nor their guests were gluttons; they only maintained such well-garnished boards for the sake of their retainers and for those unexpected calls that might be made upon them, keeping, as it were, open house.

There was one thing, however, that was a great grief to Harrison at these ban-

quets, and that was the use of that new-fangled material glass, and worse still Venetian glass, the product of that horrible Italy. It was not that noblemen had not good store of silver vessels, pots, goblets, jugs, and bowls, but they must have fine Venice glass of all forms as well. And this absurd taste for perishable drinking vessels had spread to the lower classes, who used to drink out of wooden or "treen" bowls — those mazer bowls now so precious to the collector — but now had pots of foreign crockery mounted with silver or pewter. How the nobility with such command of the precious metals should prefer glass is a wonder to Harrison. But it is the fashion, and extends to all classes. As the poorest cannot afford Venetian glass, they use the home-made article made out of "ferne and burnt stone;" but mark the result, says the thrifty Harrison; "in fine all go one waie; that is to shards at last, so that our grand expenses in glasses, beside that they breed much strife towards such as have the charge of them" — where he must have been prophesying as to our modern under-butlers — "are worst of all bestowed, in mine opinion, because their peeces doo turne unto no profit." And here he does not omit to bring in a thing in which he seems to have firmly believed: "If the philosopher's stone were once founde and one part hereof mixed with fortie of molten glasse, it would induce such a mettallical toughness that a fall should nothing hurt it though it myght peradventure bunch or batter it." We have not yet found out the philosopher's stone, but we know how to toughen glass, and we may go to Mr. Mortlock's shop and throw a vessel of glass against the wall and not even so much as "bunch or batter" it. It might have been almost as dangerous in Elizabeth's days to have discovered this secret as it was in Nero's, but in this century at least we make great discoveries with no fear either of being thrown to the fishes or burnt as sorcerers.

It was not only in solid food, but also in sweets and kickshaws, that the English table abounded. Gentlemen and merchants had five or six dishes followed by jellies, marchpaine, tarts, and confections. "Of the potato and such venerous roots as are brought out of Spaine, Portingale, and the Indies to furnish up our bankets" Harrison forbears to speak. Of tea and coffee he is quite silent, though he has something to say of tobacco, the use of which was spreading rapidly, so that a few years later Heintzner, the German

traveller, could say, "The English are constantly smoking tobacco." We have only to reflect what life in England would be without tea, coffee, and potatoes to be convinced how entirely different life in Elizabeth's days was from ours. It is however with something like an inward pang that we record the fact that twenty-five thousand tuns of home-grown wine were made in England in Harrison's time; but we remember the *Grünberger* still made near Berlin, and pass on holding our diaphragms. That the English drank quantities of foreign wines is plain from the fact that thirty kinds of strong, and fifty-six of light wines were to be had in London. The strongest were best liked, and the strongest of all was called, Harrison tells us, *Theologicum*, answering to the "Priest" of Madeira, and the *Pfaffen-wein* of the Germans. The merit of such wine was that it was both strong and genuine, for, as Harrison tells us, "the merchant thought his soule should have gone straightwaie to the divell, if he should have served them — the priests — with other than the best." Where it is to be considered whether a great part of the loss of influence of the English clergy at the present day may not be ascribed to their abandonment of orthodox theological port.

As for the lower classes, they made good cheer wherever they could get it, and though their daily fare was hard, they had frequent opportunities of feasting and carousing at bride-ales and drinkings and other occasions, each guest bringing a dish, and the Goodman of the house where the feast was held only finding drink and houseroom. The working-men in the town always ate butchers' meat, and though they were more frugal in the country, they saw fresh meat far more often than the modern laborer. On such festive occasions, though their talk was coarse, they had one merit in which the modern workman as a rule has no share; they were very much ashamed at being overtaken by drink, or "cupshotten," as Harrison calls it. As to bread, the rich ate wheaten bread, and the poor bread made of rye or barley, and in times of scarcity of beans, oats, or even acorns; nay, says Harrison, they ate these even in times of plenty, for though "never has there been so much land eared" — that is, tilled — "never has corn been so dear. So that without a famine the old proverb has been verified that 'Hunger setteth his first foot into the horse-manger.'" "If the world last awhile at this rate, wheat and rye will be no graine for poore men to

feed on, and some catterpillers there are" — that is to say the bodgers, or two-legged catterpillers, the middlemen who bought up corn and regrated bread — "that can saie so much already."

All this food was not digested without drink. We have seen that the rich drank wine, but in Harrison's England the drink of the common man was beer made of barley, water, and hops. Those were not the days of great brewers, nor was there any exciseman to stand in the way of private brewing. English "home-brewed" was then the national beverage, and Harrison not only gives us an excellent receipt for making beer "as yellow as gold," but tells us how his thrifty wife brewed him two hundred gallons of beer for twenty shillings. In our days it would seem strange if a country clergyman on poor preferment not only brewed but consumed two hundred gallons of beer in the year; and this glimpse out of Harrison's daily life is perhaps as good a proof as any to be found in his book of the liberal way in which all classes lived in the days of Elizabeth. But it must be remembered that in that age it was beer for breakfast, when there were any breakfasts, beer for dinner, and beer for supper. The tap of the beer-barrel must have been forever running at a time when there were no water-drinkers and no temperance societies, and when there were no substitutes except milk for malt liquors, such as we possess in tea and coffee, not to mention our aerated waters.

With this profuseness, it was fortunate for our forefathers that they had fewer meals than their own forefathers, or than we in these degenerate times. "Of old," says Harrison, "we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuntions after, dinners, and thereto reare-suppers when it was time to go to rest . . . Now these odd repasts are verie well left, and each one in a manner — except here and there some yoong hungrie stomachs that cannot fast till dinner-time — contenteth himself with dinner and supper onelie," and so cheats the physicians, "who do most abound where sumptuousness of fare in frequent meals, and long sitting at feasts prevail." Indeed, if Harrison could have his way there would be only one meal in the day, and that at night, like the Roman supper; but as it was, Englishmen in his time had two meals, dinner and supper, which were taken at different hours of the day by different classes. "With us," he says, "the nobilitie, gentrie, and students do ordinarilie go to dinner at eleven be-

fore noone, and to supper at five or between five and six at afternoone. The merchants dine and sup seldom before twelve at noon and six at night, especiallie in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noone, as they call it, and sup at seven or eight; but out of the tearme, in our universities, the scholars dine at ten. As for the poorest sort, they generallie dine and sup when they may, so that to talke of their order of repast it were but a needlesse matter." In all which the modern Englishman will not fail to remember the utter absence in the Elizabethan household of breakfast, to many of us the most cleerful meal of the day. Let him observe, too, the contemptuous way in which Harrison speaks of those "yoong hungrie stomachs" that cannot fast till dinner-time, and reflect what a sinking we should all feel at the pit of that part of our bodies if we had to rise at four or five, like our forefathers in the sixteenth century, and go till ten or even till noon without bite or sup. We could do it, of course, well enough if we had a cup of tea or coffee and a bit of bread and butter; but there were no such things as tea and coffee in England till long after Harrison's time. It is some consolation, however, to our weakness to know that this abstinence from sustenance in the Elizabethan age was too hard for Englishmen in the reigns of her successors. Early in the seventeenth century, men at least supplied the place of our breakfasts by what they called their "morning draught," a custom which appears in full force in "Pepys's Diary." It was taken at various public houses, and was sometimes accompanied by a snack. But to drink beer or wine in large quantities on an empty stomach must have been as profitable to the physicians of Charles II.'s time as gluttony and long-sitting at feasts to those of the Elizabethan age. In these degenerate days we believe that some famous practitioners have set their faces hard against our delightful modern breakfasts. According to their regimen devilled kidneys and orange marmalade are tossed out of the window like Jephson's dressed cucumber; but for all that, we are quite sure that if breakfasts were utterly abolished they would have still more dyspeptic patients to prescribe for than under the present system.

How were Harrison's Englishmen and Englishwomen dressed? That is a question not so easy to answer, for so fantastic were his fellow-countrymen in this respect, that they were satirized in a print which represented a naked man standing in

doubt, with a piece of cloth in one hand and a pair of shears in the other, with some doggerel verses below, declaring that all new fashions were pleasant to him, so that —

Now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,
Now I will wear I cannot tell what.

These were the production of Andrew Boorde, a well-known satirical writer of the day; and though Harrison unjustly calls him "a lewd popish hypocrite and ungracious priest," it is quite clear that in this respect he agrees with him, for he declares that now it is "the Spanish guise," now "the French toies," now "the high Almain fashion," now "the Turkish manner," now "Morescoe gowns" and "Barbarian sleeves," so that an Englishman, with all this fickleness and folly, looked more like "a dog in a doublet" than anything else; where, perhaps, we catch the earliest glimpse of "Toby," the time-honored companion of Mister Punch. As for women, they were as bad or worse than the men; and we think Shakespeare must have had a passage of this chapter in his eye when he describes the account of Katharine's interview with her tailor in "The Taming of the Shrew." "How manie times must it (the dress) be sent backe again to him that made it; what chafing, what fretting, what reproachfull language doth the poore workman beare awaie; and manie times when he dooth nothing to it at all, yet when it is brought home againe it is verie fit and handsome." Men's beards were of all shapes and hues to suit the face and the complexion, but the greatest sinners in the style and color and cut of their garments were still the women of all the upper classes, of whom Harrison speaks in terms quite unmentionable to ears polite; but it is amusing to see, when we remember how completely some of our modern young ladies have succeeded in transforming their attire into that of the lords of the creation, that ladies in London fell into the same fault in Elizabeth's time, for our honest country parson declares that he has met with some of them in London "so disguised that it hath passed my skill to discerne whether they were men or women." Harrison would not be true to his text, as *laudator temporis acti*, did he not improve this occasion by declaring that it was not so in England in old time. Men were lighter-hearted when their clothes were less curious and costly. "Never was it merrier with England than when an Englishman was known abroad by his own cloth,

and contented himself at home with his fine kersey hosen and a meane slop. His coat, gown, and cloak of brown, blue, or puke (puce), with some pretty furniture of velvet or fur, and a doublet of sad tawnie or black velvet, without such cuts or gawrish colors as are worn in these days, brought us by the French, who think themselves the gaïest men when they have the most diversities of jaggies and change of color about them." The merchants were the only class that kept to the old sad and sober fashions of their forefathers; but as to their young wives, "the fine city madams" of Shakespeare's youth, they were the worst sinners, according to Harrison, of all classes of the sex in England. No wonder then that foreigners, as they beheld the finery and liberty of English wives, called England "the paradise of married women."

One natural consequence of the growing wealth of the community was an increase of a class of men which Harrison seems to have had in especial abhorrence. Where the carcass lies there will the eagles gather; and when wealth accumulates, if any class of men decreases, it is not the lawyers. "The time hath been," says Harrison, "when our lawyers did sit in Poules"—that is, in St. Paul's Cathedral—"upon stools, against the pillars and walls, to get clients;" but now they are so proud and so rich, "that they will not come into court for less than ten pounds, or twenty nobles at the least." Even when they were got into court by repeated fees and refreshers, "they only said a word or two, and that was all that the poor client got for his money." No wonder then that all the wealth of the land flowed into the pockets of the common lawyers; so that sergeants-of-law made three or four hundred pounds a term and invested their fees at the rate of a thousand a year. Harrison is afraid that all Englishmen are too fond of law, but in this the Welshmen beat us hollow; for, as he says, poor David will beg his way up to London, only that he may carry back with him to Wales six or seven writs in his purse to molest his neighbor, though his greatest quarrel is scarcely worth the fee that he has paid for any one of them." These London counsel were bad enough; but country pettifoggers were worse still. In fact Harrison knew nothing so bad, except Italians, as "attornies" in the country, of whom with a glorious contempt for the laws of libel, he singles out Denis and Mainford, in Essex, as chief offenders; but they were as children when John of

Ludlow, *alias* Mason, came, who in less than four years so ruined a man worth 200*l.* that he died of grief; after which, he so handled his son "that there never was sheepe shorne in Maie so neere clipped of his fleece." But after all, Harrison thinks it just as well that terms are short, the ways foul, and the courts small; for if the law were easier of access he is sure that men would go to law oftener, and so ruin themselves more rapidly by the help of the rascally lawyers than they do already. What he would have thought or said if he had been acquainted with the high court of justice and our modern legal improvements which have brought law to every man's door, and at the same time rendered it far more expensive, we cannot tell. Perhaps, too, he might have been content with the counsel of his own age, who did at least appear for their clients when retained and refreshed; and have seen something to admire in Mason, that sharp attorney, who after all took four years to strip his client of 200*l.*; and even then did it so clumsily that he left the son some property which put him to the trouble of repeating the fleecing process.

When Harrison wrote the famous poor law of the forty-third of Elizabeth was not yet passed, but there were poor enough; fatherless and motherless infants, the infirm, the halt, the lame, and the blind, the casual poor, or the decayed householder, and wounded soldier; and last of all, the thriftless poor rioters, vagabonds, and rogues, the prodigal sons of the community who had no kind fathers to kill the fatted calf for them when they had sown their wild oats. For the true poor of the first class weekly collections were made so that they might abide in their parishes and not roam over the country. But if they chose to roam and became idle and sturdie beggars, like the third sort—then they were whipped and branded, and so "continue till the gallows do eat them up; which is a lamentable case," adds Harrison, and as we think too, especially when he goes on to say, that many were made beggars by being turned out of their holdings that cattle and corn might increase though men decayed. "But if," he says, "it should come to pass that any forren invasion should be made, which the Lord God forbid for his mercies sake"—this was written just before the Spanish Armada—"then should these men find that a wall of men is farre better than stackes of corne and bags of monie and complain of the want when it is

too late to seeke a remedie." Later on, Harrison tells us that Henry VIII. "lamented oft that he was constrained to have forren aid for want of competent soldiers" here at home, "but he saw not the cause of this want of men which arose out of the system of laying house to house, and land to land, and turning men out of their holdings and making them rogues." Perhaps the bluff king when he thus complained did not reflect on the fact; nor does Harrison mention it in this connection, though he states it in a previous chapter, that having made these men rogues and beggars, he, in the course of his reign, "did hang up three score and twelve thousand of them in his time." As "sturdie yeomen" they would have stood him in good stead in the wars, but having turned them into sturdy beggars, they became only fit for the gallows and what Harrison calls a Tyburn tippet. Things were better in Elizabeth's time, when the class called "masterless men," had much diminished; but even she hung up, one year with another, between three and four hundred rogues.

Such an unruly population, with bands of rogues roaming about the country, were not restrained except by severe and cruel laws. Sir Thomas Smith in his "Commonwealth of England," and Harrison in this "Description," declared that "torture," or as they call it "torment," was as unknown to the English law as it was repugnant to the nature of Englishmen, who go cheerfully to their deaths, like a free, stout, and haughty race, prodigal of life and blood," and so not needing to be put to the question like slaves and villains. But this, we are sorry to say, is all an idle boast; for though it was quite true that by an old law of the land jailors were guilty of felony if they tormented any prisoner committed to their custody to force him to confess or reveal his accomplices, it is also matter of fact, that torture and that of the most horrible kind was constantly practised in Tudor and Stuart times under the authority of the lords of the Privy Council and of the Star Chamber; and even Harrison himself, while with one breath he makes this empty boast, in the next admits the practice, even under the common law, when he says, "Such felons as stand mute and speake not at their arraignment are pressed to death by huge weights laid upon a boord that lieth over their brest and a sharpe stone under their backs." But to return for a moment to torture properly so called, in Tudor times in England. We

doubt whether the vaults of any prison of the Inquisition ever possessed such an accomplished torturer as Rich, afterwards Lord Rich and lord chancellor, who in the reign of Henry VIII. assisted Wriothesley, then lord chancellor, to torture Anne Askew in the Tower. "Then they did put me on the rack," she says, "because I confessed no ladies or gentlewomen to be of my opinion, and thereon they kept me a long time, and because I lay still and did not cry, my Lord Chancellor and Master Rich took pains to rack me with their own hands till I was nigh dead." Though Henry, we are told, "did not seem very well to like of their so extreme handling of the woman," he sanctioned her execution, and remembered Rich in his will. But Rich, cruel and unprincipled as he was, was as far inferior to Norton as a torturer as Denis and Mainford were to Harrison's enemy Mason as attorneys. Born the son of a London citizen, Thomas Norton, the joint writer with Lord Buckhurst of the tragedy of "Gorboduc," and an eloquent speaker in the House of Commons, soon obscured his literary and Parliamentary reputation by the infamy which clung to him as the discoverer and torturer of seminary priests and Popish recusants under Elizabeth; of whom it is recorded that "the rackmaster," as he was called, tortured and put to death some hundreds. So it was that when he had captured Alexander Briant in 1581 he was ordered by a letter from the Privy Council to examine the prisoner, a seminary priest, and if necessary to put him to the torture. That he was not slow to do this is proved by his boast "that he had pulled the prisoner a foot longer than ever God made him." Finding an agent of such congenial temper, on the 30th of July in the same year the Privy Council ordered him to "rack one Thomas Myagh, an Irishman," on whom the torture, called Skevington's irons, a sort of "boot," had been ineffectually tried. That he was so racked is proved by the rude verses in which the unhappy prisoner alludes to his "torture strange," and which are still to be seen scrawled on the walls of his dungeon in the Tower. While his hand was in, on the same day he with Dr. Hammond, another famous torturer, and Robert Beale, were empowered to put Edmund Campion, the famous Jesuit, to the rack together with other prisoners. All which no doubt was faithfully done and duly acknowledged by the lords of the Privy Council. When these facts are remem-

bered, together with the torture to which Guy Fawkes and his accomplices were put in the next reign, it is but an idle quibble to say that torture was unknown to the law of England, and even forbidden by it; for a law which was overridden on every occasion when it suited them by the Privy Council, was, so far as it could be called a protection to the subject, as good as no law at all.

But besides these extra-judicial punishments, those recognized by the law were various and ferocious. Felons, of which Harrison gives the rare derivation that it was formed out of the Saxon words "fell" and "one," that is to say, "an evil and wicked one" — felons were hanged by the neck till they were dead, and then cut down and buried. Murderers met with a harder fate; they were hanged alive in chains, or else, upon confession taken first, strangled with a rope, and "so continueth till his bones consume to nothing." On which we wonder if any still alive remember the pirates hanging in chains on the river bank; or recollect that for a short time in William IV.'s reign, by a new statute, men were gibbeted in chains as of old, but that the spectacle drew such crowds that the practice was discontinued and the statute repealed. "We have not," says Harrison, "either the wheel or the bar as in other countries;" but as if to show that we do not send malefactors to their account without torture, he adds, "When wilful manslaughter is perpetrated, besides hanging, the offender hath his right hand commonlie stricken off, after which he is led forth to the place of execution." For traitors the severest penalties of the law were reserved, such offenders were dragged on a hurdle to the gallows, hanged till they were half dead, and then taken down and quartered alive, their bowels being cut out and thrown into a fire "within their own sight." These were traitors of the baser sort, for though noblemen were sentenced in like terms, "this manner of their death is converted into the loss of their heads onlie." Women who poisoned their husbands were burnt alive; a man who poisoned another might be boiled to death in water or lead. Perjurers were pilloried and branded with P on their foreheads; seditious talking was punished by cropping off both the ears. Rogues were burnt through the ear for the first offence and hanged for the second. Harlots were carted and ducked and made to do penance in streets, in churches, and market-places; which Harrison thinks very small punishment; "for what great

smart is it to be turned out of a hot sheet into a cold, and after a little washing in the water to be let loose again unto their former trades?" Howbeit some of them are dragged by the knight marshal "over the Thames between Lambeth and Westminster at the tail of a boat," and that "terrifieth them," which is some comfort. Witches and heretics were burnt alive, "and serve them both right," says Harrison; and thieves were hanged; except at Halifax, where, if the theft amounted to thirteen-pence halfpenny, the offender was executed by a sort of guillotine. Combat or battel was not greatly in use as a means to escape death; but thieves were often saved by benefit of clergy, "if they have stolen nothing else but oxen, sheep, money, and such like;" but they are branded on the thumb, and so are sure if apprehended again to have no mercy. Pirates were hanged on the shore at low-water mark, and there left till three tides had "overwashed them." Persons who neglected to repair sea-walls were staked in the breach, "where they remained," as Harrison had heard, "forever as parcel of the new wall that is to be made upon them." With such a list of savage punishments adjudged to all offences, Harrison thinks himself entitled to boast that "horrible, merciless, and wilful murders" are not often heard of; but robberies were more than ever in his time committed by young gentlemen and serving-men, who turned burglars and highwaymen, and were special stealers of horses. Against these the hue and cry and pursuit from parish to parish was very beneficial; and it would be more so were not some parishes too stingy to provide means for the apprehension of such vagabond rogues.

It is pleasant to turn from this gloomy catalogue of crimes and punishments to the way in which our forefathers in the Elizabethan age were housed. Most of our houses in town and country, says Harrison, are of timber. But while the dwellings in the woodland districts were strong and stout, they were often in the open country little better than what we should now call lathe and plaster. This latter kind of building was what so astonished the Spaniards in Mary's days, when they compared the meanness of these abodes of Englishmen with their profuse diet. "These English," they said, "have their houses made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly so well as the king." Even in London the houses were plain outside, though some of them were grand inside, so as to be able to receive "a duke with

all his train and lodge them at their ease." The inner walls were wainscoted and tapestried, and stoves were beginning to be used. Most of them were glazed with glass from Burgundy, Normandy, Flanders and even England, and stone and brick had latterly been used by noblemen and gentlemen instead of timber, but this like everything else was very costly. The English houses of noblemen and wealthy merchants exceeded in tapestries, furniture, and plate, a cupboard of which would often cost a thousand pounds; in noticing which Harrison cannot refrain from thanking God that in a time of excessive prices Englishmen should be able to afford such luxuries. Old men noted three things in which England within their remembrance was wonderfully altered. First, in the multitude of chimneys, whereas in their young days there were but two or three in a country town, religious houses and manor-houses excepted. In all other dwellings the fire was made against "a reredosse in the hall where the goodman dined and dressed his meat," the smoke escaping out of a louvre in the roof. The second was the great change in beds and bedding; so that a man in old times lay on straw, with a round log for his pillow, till seven years after marriage he got him a mattress and a sack of chaff for a pillow, whereas now he had bedding, sheets, and pillows. The third thing they noted was the exchange of "treen" or wooden platters into pewter, and of wooden spoons into silver or tin. In old times you could not find four pieces of pewter in a farmer's house, and yet they were scarce able to pay their rents, though it were but four pounds a year. But now, though rents had risen ten or twenty fold, farmers not only paid them, but had six or seven years' rent in hand, besides plenty of pewter, three or four feather beds, tapestry, carpets, a silver bowl and saltcellar, and a dozen silver spoons. Besides this, they thought no more of paying a fine for the renewal of their leases than "of the hair of their beards when the barber hath washed and shaved it from their chins." But while these old people noted these changes, which speak, like so much more in Harrison's description, in favor of the general increase of wealth in England, they added three other things which had grown to be very grievous — the enhancing of rents, the daily oppression of copyholders, and usury, "a trade brought in by the Jews, but now perfectly practised almost by every Christian, and so commonly that he is accounted a fool who

doth lend his money for nothing." This usury had increased at such a rate that now a hundred per cent. was asked; and Harrison asks his readers to do their best in a lawful way "to hang up such as take *centum pro cento*" — a pious request which we would be glad to see carried out, of course "in a lawful way," against our modern usurers. To these three grievances of the "old people," Harrison adds a fourth against noblemen and gentlemen who interfere with honest dealers and tradesmen by "turning graziers, butchers, tanners, sheep-masters, woodmen, *et denique quid non*," thereby to enrich themselves and bring all the wealth of the country into their own hands. "Live and let live," according to him, was the good old English rule, and it only weakened the land when one class stepped out of its own limits and trode on the heels of the others.

Over this England so strong and so mighty and this race so thriving and fierce, so well housed, furnished, and well fed, ruled the great Elizabeth, of whose court, as he had scarcely "presumed to peep into her gates," Harrison did not dare to make any full description. He liked the fashion of her father's buildings better than hers, which were more like "paperwork" to the eye, while his were so substantial as to be a precedent to those that came after. But there her houses were, in the home counties, St. James's, Oatlands, Ashridge, Hatfield, Havering, Enfield, Eltham, Langley, Richmond, Hampton Court, and Woodstock; not to mention Baynard's Castle, Whitehall, and Durham House, in London. The Tower he would not mention, as being rather an armory and house of munition, and a prison, "than a palace royal for a king or queene to sojourn in." Windsor was supposed to be the chief for strength, on which the queen's predecessors, as well as she herself had spent enormous sums. Then there was Greenwich, a very favorite place of her Majesty, a part of which existed to our days as the Old Crown and Sceptre. These, and many more all over the land, were the queen's houses; but why should Harrison reckon them up when all the land was hers, and every nobleman's house her palace when she chose "in the summer season to recreate herself" by progresses abroad. As for the queen's court itself, Harrison's description of it reminds us of old Mandeville, when he says, "Of paradise I cannot speak, for I was never there, but I have seen the wall thereof." So Harrison could tell of many things of that famous

court which he had heard outside the royal verge. He could tell, if he would, of Elizabeth's maids of honor, of their lovable faces, costly attire, and beautiful virtues. As for the courtiers, learned and skilful as they were, would to God the rest of their lives and conversations were correspondent to those gifts," for "many of them were the worst men when they came abroad that any man could either hear or read of." Still, the horrid vices of foreign courts are driven out of Elizabeth's, the old ladies spin and read the Bible, or make receipts, or cook choice dishes, while the young play music for recreation's sake; Bibles and books were in every room; so that the court looks like an university school rather than a palace; and "it were a good thing," thinks Harrison, "if our nobles would set their houses after her pattern. It was a sight to see the queen's court, with its great troops and trains of serving men all in livery, with various noblemen's cognizances on their sleeves; so that when they were numbered the whole array shone like a peacock's tail, or some meadow garnished with infinite kinds and diversity of pleasant flowers."

But it was not all show and beauty in that royal court. Though England, in Mary's time, had been short of arms and artillery, it was not so under Elizabeth, to the great disgust of the Spaniards. We were not thought so much of, now that we had almost given up our good long-bows, but we had learned instead "to shoot well with the caliver and to handle the pike," as these very Spaniards soon found to their cost in the Low Countries. Our musters showed in 1575 we had more than a million able-bodied men; and what with robinets, falconets, sakers, culverins, and basilisks we had artillery enough to hold our own against all comers. The warlike temper of the time, and, perhaps, still more its insecurity, was shown by the universal practise of carrying arms. "No man," says Harrison, "now travelled by the way without his sword or some such weapon." Even ministers carried a dagger or hanger, while many bore "a case of dugs" or pistols "at his saddle bowe;" for the roads were crowded with pikemen, often anything but honest, and ever in league with the tapsters and hostlers of the famous inns with which England abounded, who feeling, when the horseman alighted to take his case in his inn, how his "capcase or budget" was lined, passed on the word to highwaymen, who stopped and robbed him next morning.

For though it was unheard of that a traveller should be robbed in his inn, he was very often plundered when he had not got very far from it on intelligence furnished by its inmates.

Besides her artillery and soldiers, the Queen's Majesty had a gallant navy, with ships not so big, indeed, as "the Great Harry," but more useful. Harrison gives a list containing those good old navy names the "Dreadnought" and the "Swiftsure," or "Swiftsute," besides the "Bonadventure," the "White Bear," "Bull," "Tiger," "Antelope," "Victory," "Mary Rose," and many more. It will bring tears into Mr. Ward Hunt's eyes to hear that our men-of-war in those days only cost 2,000*l.*, an enormous sum in Harrison's opinion, while many of our merchantmen cost actually a thousand, of which there were one hundred and thirty-five in England exceeding five hundred tons! For then as now, wise politicians thought that the "good keeping of the sea was the safeguard of the land."

*Sic fortis Etruria crevit
Scilicet et facta est rerum pulcherrima Roma.*

The year after Harrison wrote this came the magnificent Armada to invade the England of Elizabeth, and was scattered and destroyed by the winds of God aiding the stout ships of Drake and Howard, of Effingham and Clifford.

We have almost done with Harrison and his description of England, but we must add a few words on the London of his time as portrayed in Norden's excellent map, which Mr. Furnivall has had enlarged to illustrate this most interesting volume. There we behold the city which was then reputed the finest in Europe, not yet joined to Westminster, but stretching from Temple Bar on the west to Aldgate on the east. On the north-west the Fleet River runs down from the open fields about Hampstead, Highgate, and Islington. Further east were Moorfields but lately reclaimed and made an open space, and Spitalfields, then open meads, ignorant of weavers. West Smithfield is marked, notorious in those days for its martyrs of all creeds, as it was in these latter days for cattle of all kinds. At the extreme south-east is East Smithfield beyond the Tower, an open space encumbered by some things which have been variously explained as pieces of ordnance or tent-poles. In the west centre of the city was old St. Paul's, and through the whole runs the silent highway of the silver Thames, on which, with its "fat and sweet salmon

daily taken in its stream in such plenty as no river in Europe is able to exceed it," as well as its abundance of other fish, Harrison dwells with special delight. Nor does he fail to note with wonder the infinite number of swans to be seen on the river; nor the two thousand wherries and small boats which plied on it "whereby three thousand poor watermen were maintained." Together with the huge tide-boats, tilt-boats, and barges, which either carried passengers or brought provisions to feed the mighty city from the counties through which it flowed. There, too, we behold Old London Bridge, with its narrow arches and tall houses, spanning the stream and leading the way to Southwark with its "Bankside," "Play House," and "Bear Garden," so dear to Shakespearian students and lovers of theatrical performances. Mr. Furnivall has done well in adding this map to Harrison's description, and so presenting to us a lively image of London in Shakespeare's time. But there is irony in all things, and here, too, it is not lacking. If there was one thing and one body of men that Harrison hated more than all else, it was plays and players. To the motley of players he likened the bright garb of the Popish priests. Players he classes in his tenth chapter among "rogues and idle persons," in the same boat with "couseners, fortune-tellers, jugglers, pedlars, and tinkers." As for plays and play-houses he says with evident approval in his "Chronology" under the year 1572, "Plays are banished for a time out of London lest the resort unto them should engender a plague. . . . Would to God these common plays were exiled for altogether, as seminaries of impiety, and their theatres pulled down. . . . It is an evident token of a wicked time when players wax so rich that they can build such houses. As much I wish also to our common bear-baitings, on the sabbath days." With such sentiments we are afraid it would have gone hard with Shakespeare at Harrison's hands. If he could have had his way, the Globe Theatre would never have existed, and "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Romeo and Juliet" never appeared on the stage. As for Shakespeare himself, he would probably have classed him with Marlowe and Greene, as a "rakehell ribbald," and as one to be shunned by all honest men. And yet one of the first works published by the New Shakspearian Society to illustrate the England of their favorite is this description of England under Elizabeth, the work of a pious country clergyman, who looked upon plays

and players with abhorrence. He delighted in sober, serious antiquaries like Leland, Camden, Lambarde, and Stow. We know what he was and what he wished. He could die happy if he could see four things in the land reformed; the want of discipline in the Church, the covetous dealing of merchants, the holding of fairs on Sundays, and the want of timber, so that every man might be made to plant one acre of wood. These were modest wishes, but he adds, if they were fulfilled, he fears he should live so long that he should either be weary of the world or the world of him. But as for Shakespeare or for players, all "the rest is silence."

In justice to this society it must, however, be said that they have published other volumes of sound Shakespearian criticism, and several reprints of the earlier editions of single plays which are of great value and interest. The undertaking deserves encouragement, and our readers cannot do better than make themselves acquainted with these works, by a very modest contribution to the society.

PAULINE.

LONDON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

His voice was soft, his temper mild and sweet,
His mind was easy, and his person neat.

When no maternal wish her heart beguiled,
The lady called her son "the darling child;"
When with some nearer view her speech began,
She changed her phrase, and said "the good young man;"

And lost, when hinting of some future bride,
The woman's prudence, in the mother's pride.

CRABBE.

At five years old, Sir Hugh Calverley was a gentle, amiable, and interesting child; at fifteen, he was much the same; and at five-and-twenty he was little more.

Many excellent qualities he was, without doubt, endowed with; but, as years went on, it became apparent that these were rather of the heart than of the head, and although a public school had been gone through with average credit, and his degree duly taken at Oxford afterwards, his friends confessed, aside, that it was more than they had ever expected from him.

His mother, doting on her only son, and divided betwixt her anxiety for his health, which had never been robust, and her ambition for his honor, which she was

fully as desirous of maintaining, scarce knew on which side to base her maternal counsels. Her pride would have urged him to the arduous pursuit of knowledge, had not her secret fears constrained her to forbear.

She dared not run the risk.

At length she was fain to leave the issue to providence, luck, or chance, whichever of the three would undertake the job, and direct her own and her son's fortunes as agreeably as had been done hitherto.

She did not say so, of course; but no less was this the interpretation of her undeveloped thoughts.

She had still her moments of grateful astonishment, when she bethought her of the time — now twenty years gone by — when "poor, dear Sir Edward," then a hale, handsome young soldier, but eighteen months married, had, after a brief illness, been taken from his wife and infant daughter; thus raising to the headship of the family his youthful nephew — a transition which, until it actually took place, rashness itself would not have presumed to consider as more than within the limits of possibility.

The troop of lusty boys, whom the prophetic vision of his sister-in-law had ever kept in sight, were now scattered to the winds, and the title devolved upon a sickly little fellow, whose infancy had been one prolonged martyrdom, and whom, it was confidently predicted, would never be reared to maturity.

Nevertheless Sir Hugh lived, and even, after a fashion, thrived.

His nurses grew to be indignant if he were looked upon as delicate, and his mother only mentioned his health to assure her friends how stout and strong he had grown.

It would perhaps have been a wiser course to have given such observations the chance of emanating from the lips of others; but the ridicule which Mrs. Calverley might have drawn down upon herself was moderated by the allowances universally made for the mother of an only and feebly-constituted child.

It was a pardonable self-deception, and heads were still shaken on the subject.

Accordingly, when, in the teeth of all presages, and in spite of continual drawbacks, manhood was actually attained, and twenty-one years of the youthful baronet's life were concluded, amidst banqueting, bonfires, and general rejoicing, the sympathy and congratulations bestowed upon the exulting parent were more sincere and

heartfelt than they usually are upon these occasions.

She was not a woman to be popular, but neither was she one to give offence.

So long as her own projects were not interfered with, so long as all went smoothly for her and the single object of her tenderness — we might almost say of her regard — she could be an agreeable neighbor and acquaintance; and, accordingly, passed excellently well in a hasty and superficial world.

We have no time nowadays for definitions of character.

It is enough that such a one has been friendly, good-natured, or amusing, to draw forth a gush of our worthless approbation.

Here and there, indeed, a commentator may just go so far in discretion as to add, "So far as I see," or "I have not had much opportunity of discerning;" but it would be exacting an unwarrantable degree of sacrifice to suggest that the opportunity is within reach, and that the discernment may be exercised at any time.

So long as Mrs. Calverley annoyed nobody, intruded on nobody, kept her foot from her neighbor's house, and was understood punctually to fulfil the ordinary obligations of life, her trumpet of praise was steadily sounded, and she was scarcely recognized, even by her nearest relations, for the cold-hearted, scheming, selfish woman that she really was.

Her son, of a nature too distinctly different for him not to perceive occasionally more than was permitted to public view, was plumbd alike by affection and by the clever adroitness of a mind superior in ability to his own.

The petty motives which lay beneath the front of plain, straightforward actions, and the furtherance of selfish ends by specious and plausible reasoning, were accordingly only half-suspected by him, and much was passed over entirely that would have been bared beyond concealment to a keener observation.

A passing vexation he experienced, a gentle impatience, and even that was stifled.

He was, as his mother loved to describe him, the "best of sons."

The public estimation of Mrs. Calverley being thus high, it will not be wondered at if her gentle and charming sister-in-law gave in her adhesion, as in duty bound.

Indeed, so little did she dream of disputing its justice, that she had from time immemorial been in the habit of looking up to "your Aunt Marion" as the embodiment of judgment, discretion, and good

sense; nay, she went so far—although this was accompanied by the faintest touch of misgiving—as to make use occasionally of that lady's conscience instead of her own.

Lady Calverley was not, as we know, a woman of strict penetration. A great deal she took for granted; and what "everybody said," she was too diffident not to believe, in all honesty, was a truer estimate than any which she, single-handed, was likely to form.

Diffidence being the good lady's secret tyrant, she was thereby so held in check as to be little able to withstand, although she did occasionally smart under, the abruptness of Marion's decisions, her authoritative finger, and her unhesitating yea and nay.

When in her daily presence, she would, in spite of herself, at times heave an involuntary sigh for the more chastened rule of Pauline La Sarte, who alone possessed a counter-amount of influence, and who had even on one or two occasions gone so far as to reason away certain arbitrary and distasteful dictates which had been issued from Calverley.

Marion had suspected to whom this interference was due: she had never cared for her niece; and she seized the opportunity, when a home and position were needed for Pauline, to declare against her becoming an inmate of Gourloch.

She did so with admirable moderation and judgment.

"My dear," she said—and the finger which longed to rise and assert its rights was kept down and folded out of sight among the others—"let us talk it over quietly. You wish to do the very best you can for Pauline, and so do I. You *think* the kindest thing is to invite her to live with you, but if you will put aside your writing-desk for a moment"—(she had already begun, "My poor dear, *dearest* Pauline")—"and consider the question," pursued the mentor, "in all its bearings, you will, I am sure, come to see that what you mean to do in simple kindness might prove to both niece and nephew a real injury."

"An injury! My dear Marion!"

"Yes, an injury. You cannot provide for them eventually,—Tom has to be thought of, too,—and you would cut them off from Mrs. Wyndham's good-will, without rendering them any material benefit."

"Mrs. Wyndham? I never thought of her."

"You are so hasty, dear Ella. I thought of her immediately. She arrived in En-

gland from Italy just a week before Hugh and I came up here. We called, and found her an agreeable woman, living in excellent style. She will doubtless adopt both the young La Sartes; she has no one to whom her husband's large fortune could, with greater propriety, be left, and it will be a good arrangement on all sides. Permit Mrs. Wyndham the opportunity: do not be *too* ready with your offer. If hers is not forthcoming, there is time for it yet."

"But Pauline knows nothing of this aunt—has scarcely ever seen her!"

"Exactly. And if you take her away, she is not likely ever to see her. Let her now begin the acquaintance, let her have the chance of making herself agreeable. She is endowed with sense and prudence, I believe, and will understand, no doubt, how much depends upon it."

The sneer was lost, but the wisdom was not.

Even Lady Calverley was struck by it, and forebore to urge anything further in defence of her own suggestion.

Apparently disinterested, and with no reason for being interested, as Mrs. Calverley seemed, she had a stronger motive for the use of her dissuasive powers than is even suspected by the reader. She had, in fact, "no idea of that boy Tom finding his way down to Gourloch as he used to do in past times!"

She had other plans for Elsie.

Her son's admiration for his cousin could not escape the mother's eye; and although, when it first became manifest to her, the revelation was not altogether palatable, she was, upon mature consideration, not only reconciled to, but eager for the match. Elsie, beautiful, blooming, wealthy, well-born, and, above all, her own indubitable subject, was weighted against the solitary drawback of her being Hugh's cousin.

She herself had paid tribute—grudgingly enough, it is true, until the new idea had found it way—to the radiant young creature, who, when she and her mother joined them in their travels, had brought such life and vigor and brightness into their daily routine of dull perfunctory formulas. How could she wonder at her boy?

She had no right to be astonished; she was not unwilling; gradually it crept into her ardent, unflinching, determined desires, and became of these the chief.

On what might be her niece's feelings, she was, with all motherly partiality for Hugh, unable at first to reflect without anxiety; and confessing, in her inmost

heart, that it was not amidst crowded halls and among gayer rivals that he was likely to shine, she blessed anew in her heathenish soul that fresh dispensation of luck which was to throw them for the space of several months to come into close and continual contact.

Thus, during the winter passed by Pauline in B—shire, and by Tom in London, the two Calverley families were abroad in company, meeting each other during the Christmas week at Rome, and afterwards passing on to Florence.

It was at this latter city, during a long illness of the young baronet's, that the happy assurance came to his fond parent of his affection being returned.

Elsie was so assiduous in her ministrations, so content in the necessary abandonment of pleasures, so eager for the invalid's recovery, that only one interpretation could be rendered. He had but to speak to be listened to.

She was, however, willing to delay, since it appeared that all would eventually fall in with her wishes.

Excitement in Hugh's present weak state of health was peremptorily to be avoided; and as it was certain that the marriage could not take place before the autumn, she was in no hurry about the engagement.

Elsie was already looked upon in the light of a daughter; and in being alive only to her virtues as such, Mrs. Calverley went the surest way towards winning some return for herself.

Grave approbation from the severe aunt was flattery too delicate not to please.

Elsie was attentive, docile, and obedient; Hugh more than ever affectionate; Lady Calverley cheefully content.

What could overcast this pleasant picture? Nothing, so far as mortal eye could see; nothing, and the exulting mother was radiant. She had not, you see, taken to heart a certain wholesome little proverb about not counting one's chickens.

She counted hers over constantly, including her niece as one of the brood.

A nicer pair of chicks, she thought she had never seen. When she cried "Cluck, cluck, cluck," they came running; when she waved them away, they tripped merrily forth. Visions of a prolonged reign at Calverley, with these two dear little head subjects always at command, floated before her eyes. They should be so happy, so comfortable together; no business cares should worry her darling son, no domestic troubles oppress her sweet daughter.

Everything tiresome and disagreeable

would of course be referred to *her*; she would undertake to smooth the path, ordain the laws, adjust the household.

A town house must be had, certainly.

They must go into society, in whose ways Elsie, fitted to adorn, but not to lead, would infallibly need advice. Her mother, too simple, would have none to give. Both would look to *her*. To leave them, then, in the lurch, would be still more cruel than at Calverley.

She would, in fact, be indispensable wherever they went.

Accordingly no pains were spared to insure this satisfactory result.

She was ready for every proposal, and charmed with all she saw; she lauded the dear niece behind her back, patronized the mamma, fondled her boy, and brought the whole party to London soon after Easter in the best of humors with each other and all the world.

Masters were now engaged for Elsie — the future Lady Calverley must be duly accomplished; and as it would be well to brush off at the same time the rusticity of girlhood, a little decorous going into the world was also entered upon.

The party was divided, to avoid remark, but the hotel where Hugh and his mother were lodged was within a few doors of that in which Lady Calverley had rooms.

Cards were left, and invitations duly appeared.

It cannot be said that they poured in — the London world is too busy and preoccupied to trouble itself much about outsiders of fashion, unless they be very great people indeed; but a note or two came on most days, and there were "afternoons" to be remembered, the park to be driven in, and shopping to be accomplished, — so that Lady Calverley, who had scarcely been anywhere since her early widowhood, felt almost bewildered by the whirl she lived in.

"The days seem so short," she said, "and the distances are so great! Whatever is arranged to be done, we never are able to complete it. It is really more than I *like*; and if it were not for your Aunt Marion — but she thinks we ought, for your sake, Elsie; and I suppose," with a sigh, "she knows best."

Mrs. Calverley pressed it the more, as she witnessed, with secret delight, the indifference of her niece.

A few balls, a dozen receptions, and as many state dinners, constituted the round of Elsie's so-called pleasures. She was guarded to and from these by her watchful chaperons, and Hugh was in close

attendance. The crowds were usually great; Hugh's dancing was indifferent, and on his account they had always to come away early.

It cannot be said she was enamored of gaiety thus taken.

She took to her music and drawing with renewed zest.

With these pursuits her cousin could sympathize, and in them he appeared to advantage.

He drew correctly, and played with taste. They studied art together, and hunted up picture-galleries in every part of London, to which the long-suffering mothers by turn accompanied them.

(Neither matron, after a time, could endure the name of a picture-gallery.)

Sir Hugh Calverley was in his way, however, a person of sufficient importance to receive more attention than fell to the lot of the ladies, whose day was past, and from whom no return could be expected.

He was called upon by several men of note, and invitations from their wives followed.

These, as a rule, he managed to evade, unless it was decided by his mother to be expedient for his dignity that he should be seen at the entertainment. When this was the case, it would, in all probability, be at the house of some leader of the party to which the Calverley family belonged.

Mrs. Calverley would then dictate a solemn acceptance; Hugh would go—and be miserable.

His only consolation was in Elsie's "I wish I had been there!" afterwards.

Once the heedless girl added, "instead of you," and could not understand what ailed her cousin during the rest of the morning.

She *would* have enjoyed that lovely summer *fête*, with its beautiful flowers, gay dresses, lamp-lit trees, and merry music. Why not? Why should she not say so? It must have been delightful!

"And the dancing?" said Hugh. "You are fond of dancing."

"I should not have danced." (His heart leaped.) "On the turf," added the saucy maid; "it is too hard!"

"Hugh is quite a different creature, is he not?" would cry his fond parent; "quite a gay young man, I declare! His invitations—there were two fresh ones this morning—are really becoming so numerous that he will have to set up a book! I, for one, am unwilling that he should go out so much" (he had been four times in a fortnight), "but it is difficult to draw the line, and my son must do as

other young men do. A young man does not like to be dictated to. Hugh will judge for himself; he will not brook any interference in these matters. That reception at the Foreign Office to-night, he talks of giving up. It is really of no consequence, as his name will appear whether he is there or not. I say nothing, I leave it entirely to himself. On points like this, Hugh must always have his own way."

Even Lady Calverley smiled at the palpable attempt to give the poor lad consequence.

"Hugh is unwell to-day, and Marion is afraid for him," she said to herself.

"Why don't you go, you silly Hugh?" inquired his cousin. "Go, and tell us all about it afterwards. Will it be different from other receptions? Will all the very great people be there? I shall want a long, true, and very particular account. Nobody asks me to Foreign Offices!"

Hugh cared not a straw for the very great people; and for him, the evening would certainly be as blank as all other evenings were—when she was not by his side.

"If you were coming," he said, pitifully, "I should go in a moment. It would make all the difference! And I am not to be with you this afternoon, either."

"Can't you go anywhere by yourself?" cried the beauty, with sudden sharpness. "You don't suppose that we want to have you tacked to our apron-strings all day long, sir?"

But after this she had been so penitent, and so careful, and so kind, that the sting was drawn from the wound ere it had had time to fester.

She would not deliberately give Hugh pain—she was only frisky and volatile, like a young kid; and it gave her just a shade of annoyance that he should not be more independent, more manly.

Had she been the man, she laughed to think if she would have been content with the demure round prescribed by her aunt,—the calls, the drives, the tea-parties, and the concerts.

As it was, they wearied her—she panted for a freer air: but for him!

Well, he was a dear, good Hugh.

And had he not been as a young prince among them during those past months?

Had they not praised, and petted, and made much of him, contesting with each other in the extent of their homage—surrounding him, as it were, with a halo that was almost sacred?

He had been their first consideration, his well-being their first thought.

Even here in London he was still *the* one, the person of importance, the man of the party. Everything was arranged with reference to his convenience, and the project that he could not join in was dismissed. In plain terms, he was "cock of the walk" for the time being.

CHAPTER XXX.

"DOVER STREET."

Ah, world unknown! How charming is thy view,
Thy pleasures many, and each pleasure new?
Ah, world experienced! What of thee is told?
How few thy pleasures, and each pleasure old!

CRABBE.

It is rather a curious fact that all these near relations of Tom La Sarte's had been in town for nearly three weeks ere he had received any intimation of their arrival.

They could scarcely, it will be opined, plead the ardent pursuit of pleasure and the multiplicity of their engagements in extenuation of a neglect which, when it is remembered on what terms he had been formerly with at least two of the party, will be seen to have been rather particular.

They were, it is true, carried easily on from one week to another, — each day brought its own occupation; but still, time was indubitably found for the rounds of state calls imposed by Mrs. Calverley; for shopping, driving, and pastimes; for looking up any and every acquaintance who held out the slightest chance of being an acquisition, — and five minutes is not a very large proportion even of a London day to bestow on a nephew!

"Dear Tom, — We are here. When can you come and see us?" would not have taken Lady Calverley above two minutes to indite, and it would have brought him to her feet, rejoicing.

But she was too busy — she could not name an hour — it was so difficult to fix for people beforehand.

He must come on a Saturday, — on a Sunday, — on some day, at least, for which they had nothing else in view; and as that day was long in coming, the contingent was put off, also.

At length the idea became invested with the disagreeableness of a duty neglected.

She protested she knew not what to say, was ashamed to write; Hugh must go down and call upon his cousin.

Hugh stammered an excuse.

He had already proposed this, and — and — and his mother did not wish it.

Elsie volunteered her services.

"Mamma, we really must. I will send Tom a note; he can't be angry with me, for he knows I never do remember anything or anybody. What shall I invite him to?"

"*Luncheon!*" cried her aunt Marion, with a happy stroke. "My dear Ella, excuse my answering Elsie's question. We are still so entirely one party, that I really forgot I was not in my own room! You will agree with me, however, I know. Luncheon is such a *nice* time for a young man to drop in! He can *walk*, for one thing — and that, to Tom, must be a consideration; and then he would not, you know, be inclined to hang on afterwards, — you understand what I mean? The carriage will come round as usual, and Tom will take the hint. Poor fellow! This first meeting will be awkward enough for him, under his changed circumstances, and the kindest thing we can do will be to shorten it as much as possible. Shall we say to-morrow, to luncheon, dear?"

Certainly, since the fiat had gone forth; and with Elsie's excellently bald and simple statement that mamma hoped he would come at two o'clock, if he had no better engagement, fault could not be found.

She and Hugh had a German lesson on the next morning, and it was scarcely over before the appointed time.

"Tom cannot intend to come," said Elsie; "he has sent no answer."

"Ah! has he not?" replied Hugh, dreamily. "Look here, Elsie, this word is given with two distinct meanings in one page! That is rather hard upon us, eh? No wonder that we could not make head or tail of Elma's speech; the whole drift of it lies in that word. If you come here for a moment I can show you —"

He was lying on the sofa, and she came behind to look over his shoulder.

"See there," said Hugh, pointing with his pencil-case — "there, it means — it means — let me see — I had it just now. Oho! stop! I believe I have got hold of the wrong word, after all!"

"Don't go on, Hugh. You loo: tired. I wish mamma would come in, and let us have something to eat."

The wish was to be gratified on the instant: ere her sentence was concluded, the door opened, there was a rustle of silks, a woman's voice thrown backward to some one behind, and in fluttered Lady Calverley, followed by her nephew.

She had picked him up at the door.

Elsie stepped forward, and Hugh rose

from the sofa, whence immediately issued a cascade of books, papers, and pencils. He regarded them wearily, and Elsie stooped to pick them up; stooping was bad for Hugh.

He was not looking his best that morning; his hair was spread unbecomingly, and his necktie was too bright in tint to harmonize with his colorless cheek.

His languid air was in no less curious contrast to Tom's quick movements, than were his soft, white fingers to the brawny hand which closed over them.

"Hugh, I'm awfully glad to see you," cried his cousin; "I"—seizing the books from Elsie, and bestowing them again on the slippery sofa (whence they immediately slid down again)—"I had no idea you were here," he continued, with a hearty ring of welcome. "When did you come? And how is Aunt Marion?"

"Very well, thanks; she is next door."

"She will be with us directly," added Lady Calverley. "She only ran up-stairs to give some directions, and was to follow me in a few minutes. I asked her to meet you, Tom. We do not always lunch together, although we usually dine. It is so convenient being so near."

"Yes, I suppose so. I had no idea *you* had come," continued Tom (still kindly regarding his cousin and thinking in his heart, "Well, I never saw such a poor, abject-looking scarecrow in my life!") "Are you all right again? You had rather a bad time of it this winter, hadn't you?"

"Oh yes, I'm all right again, thanks."

"He had need be 'all right again,' to go through all he does!" interposed his aunt, gaily. "*We* cannot keep pace with him."

"Good gracious!" muttered Tom.

Seeing, however, that his inquiries were not reciprocated with any particular warmth, he turned from Hugh. He did not turn to Elsie. He scarcely appeared to notice her.

"Well, Aunt Ella, so here you are safe home again. When did you come?"

There was no possibility of evading the question further.

A woman of the world would have been ready with her, "My dear boy, how can I say! You don't expect me to remember, when I have been bored, and worried, and pulled to pieces in every direction since I came. The wonder is, that I have survived it all." Then she would have slid off to other topics, and he would have learnt nothing, and might have concluded anything.

But this was high art to our simple country mouse.

She knew exactly to a day how long it was since their arrival; and accordingly, albeit with reluctance, and some feeling that he had no right to have driven her to such straits, she stated the time, "Three weeks."

On that day three weeks they had come.

Tom did not feel the blow as much as might have been expected.

He had been away, as it happened, at that time; he had been away for Easter, and, not calculating closely, imagined that he had stayed longer in the country than he really had.

He had been given three days, and it seemed to him now quite an age.

Still, making all allowances, he felt the slight; and the longer he sat in the room, the more keenly it hurt him.

His aunt was running on about trifles, and when he caught her up was at the point of inquiring as to how he liked their present situation. Was it not convenient, accessible, central?

"Is it?" said Tom, rather bewildered.

"I—yes, I suppose it is."

Had he been called upon at the moment to state what street he was in, he would have had to look out of the window! On his way thither he had scarce known where his feet carried him.

"Are you going to be long here, Aunt Ella? I am so glad you are come! I was afraid you had given it up, as Pauline did not tell me anything. What an immense time it is since I have seen you!"

"Yes," replied the lady, relieved by his manner; "it really is. Three years nearly—or quite—which? I must not insult you by saying you are *grown*, Tom, but you certainly are changed. Elsie is altered too," she continued, imprudently. "Don't you think so?"

"No," said Tom.

Yet she could have vowed he had never looked at her. Hugh and Elsie were still engaged in putting away their things, and did not attempt to help in the entertainment of the guest.

"Really not?" replied Elsie's mother.

"Well, we have seen and done a great deal since you were with us last. We have scarcely been at Gourloch since then, do you know? It has been under repair all this past year, while Elsie and I have been wandering about. You have been a traveller too. We shall expect some traveller's tales, remember. Ours are all written down; Hugh keeps the journal;

we run to him whenever we have anything to say. Have you kept a journal, Tom?"

"Journal? No," said Tom, staring a little. "You know what a duffer at writing I am, Aunt Ella. I never write a word except to Pauline, and she makes a list of all the bad spelling, and sends it back to me."

"My dear Tom," his aunt laughed, "that is the old joke, is it not? That was in days gone by. I have no doubt you spell as other people do now."

"Perhaps," he allowed, with some grimmess. "Other people don't often give me a chance of seeing how they spell."

Then he did turn his head, and look straight into Elsie's face. Her three lines stood out distinctly before them both, and she knew that he was learning now the interpretation thereof.

"Well, we are none of us literary folks," smiled Lady Calverley, wheeling smoothly away from the subject. "We can't throw stones at each other, can we? However, you will like to see our photograph-book, I am sure? We have quite a collection from the different places, exactly in order as we visited them; Hugh has arranged them, and put them in so nicely. Hugh, my dear, where is the book? Tom would like to see it."

The entrance of Tom's other aunt, however, saved him the infliction.

Her reception was more frank, more cordial, than any he had yet met with.

She engrossed him completely, but nevertheless did not set him more at his ease. He did not feel, when luncheon was over, that he had made any way; worse, he was staggering backwards. The precious moments were slipping past, and there was no word of future meetings, no taking him into partnership, no "You must go with us to-day, and then we shall see about our plans for to-morrow."

He did not guess how fully he had expected this, until the prospect had vanished out of sight.

He could not help hoping to the end. He could scarcely believe but that *something* must be said. Gradually he became chilled, stupefied, dumb.

He could not make it out.

At first he had inwardly forged excuses. He had come on an unfortunate day; they were preoccupied with other matters; their heads were slightly turned by the first dizzy draught of London life, so intoxicating to novices. Then it slowly streamed in upon his reluctant perceptions that it was he himself, not the interruption of his presence, that was unwelcome!

He had come trembling with expectancy; he went away trembling with wrath.

Why had he been asked at all? Why did they not leave him alone altogether?

Almost immediately luncheon was over, Mrs. Calverley rose, saying, "What time exactly must I be ready, dear? You gave the order, I think, to-day? Don't let me disturb anybody, don't let me break up this pleasant meeting of cousins—but I really must run, if I am to be ready at half past three. That was the hour, was it not? I will be punctual."

She had made it clear; Tom had another benevolent smile, and pressure of the hand, and she took herself off.

"Do have some strawberries," cried Lady Calverley. "Hugh—Tom—somebody. Tom, you were always the last to leave the strawberry-beds—come!"

She held them up invitingly, but he turned sick at the sight.

He had with difficulty swallowed those on his plate, and the allusion to the strawberry-beds at Gourloch was too much. He thought he could never go near them again.

How hot the room felt! How dully sounded the wheels on the pavement below!

None of them talked much, and yet the minutes flew. Lady Calverley looked at her watch, and Tom understood. He went, and did not soon come back again.

"What is the matter? Are you not ready? Are you not coming with us?"

Elsie was discovered by her mother bonnetless and unprepared when the carriage came round: she did not rouse herself; she answered with perfect readiness, "I don't care to go. I will stay at home to-day and—practise."

"Are you behindhand? That is a pity. I suppose Tom's visit put you out? Well, don't tire yourself, dear child, we shall not be long away."

"Good-bye, mamma," dutifully.

She saw the carriage drive off, then she stamped up and down the room like a little fury!

"What a shame—what a shame it was! To treat him so! Tom, who used to be one of ourselves! He looked so glad to see us, and so nice, and so—and so—and so.—— And to put him down in a big chair, and give him his luncheon, and send him away! He might have been a stranger whom none of us had ever seen before. Suppose he had been, Captain Maurice was far more intimate. I might speak to him, ugly wretch! but I could not say one word to Tom, with

mamma and Aunt Marion sitting by. I suppose they had some *stupid* idea — *stupid* —” with a clench of her little fist. “As if *that* was not over long ago; and as if — as if — it mattered a bit whether it were or not! Oh! how ashamed they ought to be! Not a single kind look, and he looking so kindly at us! Mamma might have had *some* feeling, she who used to make so much of Tom. Poor Tom! Hugh is everything now. If Hugh had taken the trouble he might have changed everything to-day, but he was as bad as anybody; he sat without saying a word, and looked such a — goose! I never thought Hugh would have been so cruel to any one, especially to Tom; it seemed as if we were all against him — all.” One by one great angry tears rolled down, like drops in a thunder-storm. “I hate cruelty,” burst forth the girl, “and I hate meanness — and I hate Hugh!”

But the carriage party came home radiant.

They had had a charming drive, and had found everybody out, excepting *the* one whom they desired to find at home! Lady Frederick Whitton had received them, and had done still more, she had lent them her own ticket for the Horticultural Gardens — for the great rhododendron show, which was just being opened. Lady Frederick had found that at the last moment she would be unable to attend, and most fortunately they had been the first people who had made their appearance after her decision had been arrived at.

Charming, was it not? So opportune — the very thing that Elsie had most cared about; and although they had been actually in Queen’s Gate at the time, they had driven back for her as fast as they could.

She must put on her bonnet immediately.

Ere she could say “yes” or “no,” ere she could fully understand what she was about, she was sitting in the carriage on her way to the gardens.

Royal carriages were at the door, and a long line streamed behind.

Elsie was of that sympathetic temperament which loves to go where others go, see what others see, and enjoy what they enjoy; her spirits unconsciously revived, she began to smile, to laugh, to look about her; the scene was gay and beautiful, disagreeable reminiscences were effaced, and Tom was forgotten.

Was it possible that Hugh had divined something amiss? He snatched a moment to whisper, “I am so stupid to-day,

Elsie. My head aches. I’m sure Tom must have thought me sulky, or something — I was quite a bear to him.”

Of course he was pitied and forgiven, and gradually, it may be hoped, the headache gave way.

At any rate he was no longer “stupid,” he was more than ordinarily animated and attentive. He and Elsie flew from flower to flower, vying with each other in the discovery of the finest bloom. They strolled over the grass behind their guardians, they extolled the music and eulogized the company.

They were young, their nerve of admiration had not yet been extracted.

Presently, however, came a breath of discord.

They passed a beauty, an imperial-looking girl, of whom Hugh, simple fellow, cunning fellow — which? — was loud in his praises.

Elsie could “not see it,” walked coldly past.

By-and-by, “There she is again!” cries Hugh.

“Who? What? Oh, *that* girl! Nonsense! There are hundreds here to-day who are far prettier!”

“I don’t think there are.”

“Don’t you?”

She “does not understand what he means.” Wonders what he is “dreaming of.” He is “too absurd.”

In truth, this young woman could never bear to be second. She was a queen by natural intuition, and felt out of place on aught but a throne. She had subjugated Hugh, Tom, and such as those by the score; she had nearly stolen a march upon Ralph Blundell. He had escaped by flight, and she had put out of sight, as speedily as possible, the mortifying recollection.

Wherever she had since been seen, she had slain her thousands — in modern phraseology, she had met with considerable admiration; and possibly some portion of her indifference to London society may have lain in the secret that there she was not — but it is unkind to attribute motives!

Whatever be at the root of it, it is one of the blessings of little Elsie’s life that she has not been drawn into that great whirlpool — that she has not thrown her youth, and her beauty, and her innocence into its devouring jaws. She will grow up into a good, true, loving woman like her mother, and she will not be overburdened with — common sense.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

NELSON IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

BETWEEN seventy and eighty years ago the English had a good deal to do with the inhabitants of the Two Sicilies, from the occupants of the royal palaces to the houseless *lazzaroni*, and they all looked upon us with a respect which, I fear, nobody will pay to us now. They thought us all-powerful, and our protection the best thing in the world. I don't think we ever had a very high opinion of them, but we kept them a place in the map of Europe for all that, and we did so at a time when more warlike people than they were having their nationalities expunged by the French Revolutionists without the slightest compunction or ceremony. The Neapolitans and Sicilians were shaking in their shoes towards the end of last century, calculating, probably, the number of days that might be allowed them ere they would be devoured by the republican armies. From all sides they heard of French successes. Echoes of the universal terror came thick and fast upon their ears. Nation after nation succumbed, and the fiat was thought to have gone forth which was to revolutionize Italy to the sole of its foot, and give its fair fields and its art-treasures as a prey to the spoilers, when suddenly there came news of the battle of the Nile. England had cleared the seas of Frenchmen, delivered a crushing blow against the power and reputation of France, and given a new lease to the kingdoms which had not yet been overrun. Naples got a reprieve; and less than that would suffice to set Naples laughing and dancing. She broke out accordingly, and made an awful splutter, which was not subdued, we may be sure, by the news which soon after arrived that the British fleet that had done such wonders was steering westward, and would probably enter the delightful bay before the autumn was far advanced. She knew how her enemy's fleet had been all taken or destroyed; how "L'Orient" had been blown to splinters; how the English commander had been badly wounded, and how he had been suffering from fever after his victory, and was coming to the realms of ease and pleasure to refresh his body and mind, and to fit himself for further glorious undertakings. The season of the year was about the most delightful of her delightful seasons. The summer had waned. The fierce, almost tropical heat had yielded sufficiently to make daylight pleasures again attractive. The populace had cele-

brated the *festa* of the blessed Virgin — their great autumnal gathering of *Madonna di Piedigrotto* — and so had, as it were, installed *Pomona* as tutelary deity for the present. Grapes, melons, and all the fruits of the golden autumn abounded without measure. It was no longer necessary to flee from the gaze of the bright sun, but mankind could meet without doors and give expression to the joy which filled them — the joy which kindly nature had bestowed independently of what are generally called worldly accidents, and the joy which England's great admiral had bestowed in relieving them from the shadow of servitude, and of expulsion, possibly, from their gay country, with which they were so well pleased. They could go abroad and revel in full view of the earth and sky with their manifold colors and their changing beauties, and of their bay, fit to wash the shores of Paradise — its waters just rippled by the softest of breezes, and skimmed by many a sail off which the sunbeams glanced on to the thousand mirrors of the waves. They had not to examine the past or peer into the future, to know why their native land was dear to them. Its charms were there, patent, sensible, to-day. Truly runs their song, —

O dolce Napoli, O suol beato !
Ove sorrider vuol il creato,
Tu sei l'impero dell' armonia,
Santa Lucia ! Santa Lucia !

Towards the end of September 1798, two English ships, detached from Nelson's fleet, entered the bay, bringing intelligence that the victorious admiral was approaching. Thereupon all was excitement and delirium in Naples. The queen was almost frantic with delight and admiration, the king acknowledged Sir Horatio Nelson to be his deliverer and his great defence. From the personages on the throne down to the lowest of the *lazzaroni*, the Neapolitans sang and danced for joy, and lauded the name of the British hero throughout the city, watching eagerly till his white sails should be seen gleaming in the offing. As the "Vanguard," bearing Nelson's flag, began to thread her way among the islands with which the bay is studded, a flotilla of barges, pinnaces, and gay pleasure-boats streamed out to meet her, displaying garlands and banners. Shouts of triumph from the gay voyagers rent the air; bands of music clanged exultation and welcome; not a token of worship and gratitude was wanting which an impressionable people, versed in pageantry,

could devise. In advance of all the others pulled one barge bearing the English envoy. It was speedily alongside of the "Vanguard," and from it there sprang up the ship's side a lady who might have been Helen of Troy, so beautiful was she, and who, as she exclaimed, "My God! is it possible?" flung herself on the breast of the hero of the Nile, who had waited to receive her. After Lady Hamilton came the minister, her husband; and then, after a short interval, the king, queen, and royal family of the Two Sicilies, coming up, boarded the "Vanguard," and with cordial praise and greeting welcomed the glorious sailor to their city of delights. While these august personages poured forth their congratulations on board the flag-ship, the occupants of the thousand gilded boats that floated around were neither silent nor undemonstrative. They hailed their deliverer with incessant shouts, and acted their gratitude in the pantomime which with them is almost a language. Further honors and acclamations were rendered on Nelson's landing. The *lazzaroni* worshipped him, and poked fun at their king for his amusement, and held up cages before him and set birds free therefrom. It was universal holiday till the revellers had exhausted themselves in rejoicing; *fêtes* by day, feasting, dancing, and shows by night, filled up the time of the laughter-loving city. Could the great sea-captain have accepted the Neapolitan rule of life, which was much the same as that of Sardanapalus —

Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth a fillip —

here was an opportunity of "living deliciously," such as man has seldom fallen in with. His birthday occurred only a few days after his arrival, and this served to reanimate any spirit that might be at all inclined to faint with excess of enjoyment. The festivities took a new lease on the occasion, and the masquing, revelry, and banqueting burst out again in an aggravated form. I, suppose there never was such a festival time, even in Naples; and that, my dear editor, is saying a good deal.

The joy and gratitude which the Neapolitans thus showed after their manner, were felt throughout all those states of Europe which suspected and dreaded the French republic. "The cannon of Nelson," says Alison, "which destroyed the French fleet at Aboukir, re-echoed from one end of Europe to the other, and everywhere revived the spirit of resistance." Well it might do so. Such a crushing

victory had never before been won upon the seas. It was more thorough than Actium or Lepanto; a conquest, as Nelson himself said — not merely a victory. I need not say anything to you about the honors which were immediately transmitted to the conqueror from England; but I think we all want a little rubbing up of our history to realize the fame which he enjoyed with other countries, especially those whose soil is washed by the Mediterranean. The star of Napoleon was as yet not half-way to the zenith; nay, Napoleon himself at that time was shut up in Egypt, where Nelson had not left him or his soldiers a deck to escape upon. Wellington, also, to whom we now render such deserved homage, was then comparatively unknown. Nelson was the idol of all hearts, the cynosure of all eyes, "the foremost man of all this world." He was a paladin. His fame was more like that with which romance has invested Launcelot or Charlemagne, than like that of a modern. His deeds and his character were so heroic that men knew not where to place him in the world of their experience, and they revered him as if he had been a reappearance from a former age. Here, in the south of Europe, it was believed that his power had no limit; his favor was thought to be the life of kings; he was the model on whom every ambitious warrior sought to form himself —

By his light
Did all the chivalry of Europe move.

I noticed above Alison's remark concerning Nelson's cannon. It is worth our while, who live in the days when guns can be cast capable of throwing twelve hundred and fifty pounds in one bolt, to reflect on what this cannon of Nelson was which so agitated the world. The biggest guns in his fleet were twenty-four-pounders, and these pieces were very rare in the naval service. Eighteen-pounders and twelve-pounders were the cannon carried by his ships of the line — mere popguns they seem to us now. A first-class ship carried from one hundred to one hundred and twenty of these guns, a second-class ship ninety or ninety-eight. The wind, we must remember, was their only propelling power; and their sides displayed nothing harder than British oak, which was thought in those days to be a tolerably stiff material when it was the fashion to celebrate our "wooden walls." Now we plate with iron as thick as we can float it, breast both wind and tide by the help of steam; and on the waters of

this very Bay of Naples has been constructed a ship ("Il Duilio") which is to carry guns weighing a hundred tons each. Such are some of the changes in a fleet which seventy-seven years have brought about.

Can we, knowing as we do what Nelson was, wonder that this life at Naples "mid pleasures and palaces" did by no means satisfy him; and that his great soul was vexed within him at the apathy and frivolity of a people over whose heads the sword was even then hanging by a hair, who had only been respited by the great battle of Aboukir, and who fiddled and jested while their supreme energy, promptitude, and thought were required to preserve their existence as a nation?

Five years before this return in triumph, Nelson had visited Naples, he having been sent from Toulon with despatches for Sir William Hamilton. On that occasion the British envoy had formed a very high opinion of Captain Nelson, and had broken through a rule in inviting the latter to his house. Then it was that the acquaintance of Nelson and Lady Hamilton commenced, about the progress and character of which so much has been said and sung, and so much remains, and probably ever will remain, obscure and matter of controversy. Before they met again, some of Nelson's greatest exploits, including the battle of St. Vincent, where his broad pendant as commodore was flying on board the "Captain," and the battle of the Nile, where he commanded, had been achieved; he had lost an eye at Calvi, and an arm at Teneriffe. He was at Naples shortly before the battle of Aboukir; but, as well as I can ascertain, he did not at that time see Lady Hamilton, although he certainly had most important communications with her, the occasion of which was as follows. He had known of the French fleet, with Napoleon on board, having proceeded eastward from Malta, and he had gone to Alexandria in pursuit of them. He did not know that he had outsailed them on his voyage; consequently when he failed to find them in Egypt, he returned westward and came to the Bay of Naples, where he soon got information that, although he had not fallen in with them, the French ships were certainly somewhere in the Levant. Thereupon he resolved to sail eastward again, but it was indispensable that his ships should be refitted and victualled before the voyage. Strange to say, the Sicilian government, to whom his activity or inaction made the difference between life and death,

refused to let him revictual, they having of a sudden become singularly discreet, and cautious of offending the French. The admiral was well-nigh checkmated by their folly; and the battle of the Nile would never have been fought if the address and influence of Lady Hamilton had not been exerted on his behalf. She understood the importance of his going to sea, and she and the queen contrived in some manner to pass by the *fainéant* king and to send secret orders to the commanders at the different ports, in virtue of which the necessary provisions were afforded at Syracuse, and the fleet departed on its glorious voyage. Nelson never forgot the immense service which his lovely friend rendered him on this occasion. He wrote at the time, "Thanks to your exertions, we have victualled and watered; and surely, watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze; and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress." He wrote before going into action at Trafalgar a codicil to his will setting forth how much this country was indebted to Lady Hamilton for the service now mentioned, and for others equally important, and commending her to the gratitude of England.

I trust that I shall not bore you, my dear friend, by repeating what is already very clear in your mind, if I say a word or two of reminder about the queen and king who were entertaining Nelson, and reigning by virtue of his arm, in 1798.

The queen was a princess of Austria, sister of Marie Antoinette—daughter, therefore, of Maria Theresa—a haughty woman, of much spirit and some capacity, who, as far as her perception went, kept her husband alive to the dangers and probable accidents of those momentous days, and made him act like a man. She was woman enough to forget all her *hauteur*, and to fall into a passion of gratitude and admiration when she heard of the victory of the Nile, and to be vindictive when the chances of war gave her the mastery over those who had rebelled against royal authority. She was a virtuous* wife and a good mother. The present ex-king of the Two Sicilies is her great-grandson.

Her august spouse, Ferdinand the First, is not so easily sketched. He was something of a king, something of a mountebank, a good deal of a rake and poltroon,

* I write this on the authority of Count Orloff, notwithstanding the hints to a contrary effect circulated by Dumas and others.

a devoted sportsman, rather a jolly fellow, and a man who, notwithstanding the alarms of the revolutionary period, and the vicissitudes which befell his throne and himself, managed to reign more years than his contemporary, our George III., and so got a good deal of enjoyment out of his long life. Truly says Master Silence, "A merry heart lives long-a." He was illiterate, but had some good instincts, which came out on occasion. In appearance he was a Pulcinello, having a huge nose, from which he derived the *sobriquet* of Nasone; and in many of his acts and habits he was entirely the low comedian, immensely popular with his *lazzaroni*, from whom he accepted the most unrestricted familiarities, and to whose goodwill he certainly in part owed one recovery of his continental dominions. It is reported of him that he would publicly sell the fish which he had caught, chaffing, and being chaffed by, his populace while the sale was in progress. He shirked work whenever he could, and gave himself up to sport. The trouble of signing his name was so great, that he kept a stamp to strike on public documents; but he was a very Nimrod among wild boars and stags. On an occasion where he had to execute a flight in great peril—I shall probably speak of it further on—he made his chamberlain change dresses and places with him, he acting the courtier for the nonce; "for," said he, coolly, "if we are overtaken they will be certain to slay the king." Both got safe away; and he afterwards, instead of evincing any shame at his conduct, used to make a humorous story of it, and laud the chamberlain, to whom, indeed, he always continued kind, showing that, in this matter, he was certainly guiltless of one sin.

The king, whose mind was not easily depressed, acted as if the battle of the Nile had put an end to revolutionary movements for all time, and as if he was at liberty from henceforth to hunt and amuse himself. But the case, as we know, was far otherwise. Perhaps, had he taken the tide on the turn which Nelson's victory gave to it, he might have crushed out the revolutionary spirit in Italy. But he lost precious time, and he did even worse than that. When he found himself obliged at last to show a front to one head of the revolutionary hydra, he put at the head of his troops the Austrian general Mack—the same who afterwards surrendered to Napoleon at Ulm—with the result that the said troops behaved as badly as they possibly could. As Nelson

said, "The Neapolitan officers did not lose much honor, for, God knows, they had not much to lose; but they lost all they had." They ran from inferior numbers, abandoning cannon, stores, baggage, treasure; and the French, at the heels of the fugitives, advanced on Naples. The king, who had accompanied his army to the neighborhood of the Roman frontier, had to flee homewards in haste and terror. It was in this flight that he made his chamberlain change clothes with him and act the king.

Naples, notwithstanding the presence of Nelson's fleet in the bay, did not seem now to his majesty a secure residence for himself or his royal belongings; and he took the magnanimous resolution of not waiting in his continental capital to confront the French, and the Italian republicans who were ready to rise in aid of the French, but of deserting the loyal portion of his Neapolitan subjects, and stealing a march to Palermo. Even his flight he could not have managed unaided; for his *lazzaroni*, who were really attached to him and meant to fight for him, would by no means have allowed him to depart. But Lady Hamilton secretly prepared everything for the escape of the royal family, and explored at much risk to herself a secret passage leading from the palace to the sea, through which were taken off paintings, sculptures, and treasures to the value of two and a half millions. The English ships received all this; and when things were thus ready, Nelson landed and safely embarked the king, queen, and royal family, whom he conveyed to Palermo. When Nasone thus deserted his post and went off "bag and baggage," he took the precaution of appointing a viceroy, whom he valiantly enjoined to defend the kingdom to the last rock in Calabria. But the viceroy, who seems to have formed himself most faithfully after his royal pattern, lost no time, after the king's back was turned, in coming to an understanding with the French, and yielding to them so much of Neapolitan territory as speedily led to loss of the whole. Then Naples became the capital of the Parthenopean republic. The poor devils of *lazzaroni* had showed fight in very good style before things came to this pass; but, being deserted by their leaders, what could they do? They had to submit at last; and there was an end forever, as it seemed, of the continental portion of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The monarch of those realms bore this dispensation with a very equal mind. He hunted

in the Sicilian woods instead of in those of Calabria; that was all the difference that it made to him. But there arose at last a person who took accurate note of the chances of the game, and determined to throw a cast for the *ancien régime*. A priest, a Cardinal Ruffo, undertook to go and raise the *lazzaroni* and the peasantry to arms, and to strike a stroke for the monarchy. The king bade him go and prosper, but gave him no assistance whatever. Ruffo, however, knew what he was about, and got together what he was pleased to call his Christian army, which, containing many honest and loyal peasants and other poor people, contained also galley-slaves, the sweepings of the jails, and a large contingent of that ancient Italian institution, the brigands, who then under Nasone, as now under Victor Emmanuel, were a power in the State. Ruffo, like the insurgents in Turkey today, knew the influence of the name *Christian*, and asked sympathy on the ground of that name, for a force whose acts would have disgraced any religion. But he made his rascals fight; and so unexpected were their appearance and their resolution, that the French and their sympathizers were much disconcerted. While the counter-revolution was thus making head against the Parthenopean republic, the English ships were not idle, but did all they could in support of the royal authority. Nelson himself was not much in the Bay of Naples during Ruffo's campaign, for the court was in Sicily. Where the court was, the British minister would be; where the minister was, his wife would naturally be; and where his wife was, Nelson would certainly be as much as he could. Trowbridge was the senior officer on the coast of Naples; and he, taking prompt advantage of many mistakes in government made by the new republic, was very soon able to re-establish the king's authority in the islands of the bay. At Procida the reaction was so violent that it was impossible to preserve even a rag of the republican flag to present to the king; the populace rent it into threads. And there was a good deal of method, too, if not much of magnanimity, in the arrangement of the islanders' vengeance. The Neapolitan revolutionists were in their eyes the great offenders; so the fishermen marked out each his own victim for assassination when opportunity should serve. The head of one of these victims was sent off one morning to Trowbridge, with his basket of grapes for breakfast, accompanied by a dedicatory epistle from the mur-

derer, who had, he said, the glory of presenting it in proof of his loyalty. In the islands and in the mountains Nasone was again king; and now a piece of good fortune befell him, which made republicanism droop throughout his dominions. The French government, being hardly pressed elsewhere, was compelled to withdraw from southern Italy the bulk of the French troops, leaving but a handful to sustain the young republic. The consequence was, that Ruffo's "Christian army" very soon got possession of the city of Naples; and the French invaders found themselves shut up in one of the forts, and the Italian republicans in two other forts. As no hope of escape presented itself to any of the beleaguered, and Ruffo had some apprehension of a French fleet coming in to the relief of the forts, it was arranged that the garrisons should surrender on terms. Accordingly, a capitulation was drawn up; and flags of truce were kept flying while the articles were being arranged. Just at this juncture arrived Nelson in the bay, who immediately ordered the flag of truce to be hauled down, and who forbade the fulfilment of the terms of surrender until they should have been approved by the king. That good-fellow of *lazzaroni* and destroyer of wild boars declared, on being appealed to, that Ruffo had exceeded his authority in admitting the rebels to terms at all, and that he, Nasone, would never treat with his revolted subjects. Accordingly, all the Neapolitan republicans who could be arrested were delivered over to be dealt with as traitors, the forts were seized, and all benefits of the capitulation were denied, except to the French. When it is remembered that Ruffo was despatched, or rather allowed to go, on his errand of counter-revolution, without any instructions at all, it may reasonably be contended that he had *carte blanche*. It therefore appears to have been most unjust to disavow the convention which he had thought it advisable to make with the enemies whom he had driven to take shelter behind the walls of the forts. Even if it was not absolutely unjust, it was indiscreet. The king, indeed, was fortunate to recover his dominions on any terms; and, considering the cool manner in which he abandoned his continental subjects only about eight months before, he had better have said little about fidelity, or the relations which ought to bind subjects and kings together.

But there followed now an event which in English minds stirred up more feeling

than the fate of all those who had surrendered in the forts taken together. I mean the execution of Admiral Caracciolo, who did not suffer by a purely Neapolitan course of law, but was brought to trial and had his sentence confirmed by Lord Nelson. Caracciolo had been with his sovereign, during the early part of that sovereign's retreat in Sicily; but had received permission to return to Naples on the plea that he must endeavor to save his property, which the republicans, as it was said, were about to confiscate. On his arrival in the city, such appeared to him the condition of affairs that he judged it prudent to give his adhesion to the republic and to command its marine, which was in effect taking up arms against his lawful king. At the time of Ruffo's victorious advance, he took refuge in one of the forts, but escaped therefrom before the capitulation. Then he made attempts to obtain the intercession of Ruffo and of other influential persons; but this being refused him, he had to go into hiding, and was at last recognized and taken. His captors rendered him on board the English flag-ship, bound like a felon, which, no doubt, was a somewhat better light than that in which he was regarded by the royalists. Captain Hardy immediately ordered him to be unbound, and sent him under arrest and in charge of a British officer on board the "Minerva," the flag-ship of the Sicilian admiral, to await the decision of Lord Nelson on his case. That decision was soon known: Nelson ordered a court-martial, composed entirely of Sicilian officers, to try the traitor admiral on board the English flag-ship. As you know well, they found him guilty and condemned him to death. Nelson, as naval officer in command of the combined fleets, confirmed the sentence, and ordered it to be carried into effect after a few hours of interval. The manner of death was hanging at the yard-arm of the "Minerva." In vain did the wretched convict, who was an elderly man and a noble, petition first that he might have another trial, and secondly that he might be shot to death instead of being hanged. Nelson was deaf to his entreaties; the fair bay which had lately witnessed so many interesting spectacles, now exhibited the sad attraction of the execution, like a common malefactor, of a person high in rank and once high in office, a person familiar for many years to all classes in the country, a man who had played his part in the many events which had lately befallen the kingdom. The fatal hour struck, a gun

was fired on board the "Minerva," and Caracciolo was hoisted to the yard-arm, where he hung for the prescribed period in sight of the bay and city, and of the house where he first drew breath. This house, on the Mergellina, may still be seen. An inscription on its front gives the dates of his birth and execution, showing that he lived to be forty-seven years old.*

I do not, my dear editor, enter at all upon the vexed question of Lord Nelson's conduct in this matter. There have been strong opinions expressed on both sides by persons entitled to a patient hearing. But I think that, since the publication of the Nelson despatches, no doubt at all can remain as to Nelson's right to act as he did in the matter; and the calumnies which were so profusely heaped on him have been refuted. You have yourself been largely instrumental in putting the case fairly before the public mind,† and I am perfectly satisfied with the decision to which you were led. After we have satisfied ourselves as to strict law and justice, there remains, of course, the question of expediency and wisdom to be resolved, and the voice of mercy to be answered. My opinion is, that it is impossible for us to decide how Nelson might have acted better than he did, because we cannot put ourselves in his position. We cannot realize the terror which French principles were in that day exciting, nor the effect which lenity in this case might have had upon the people of the Two Sicilies, nor the mischief which might have been apprehended from the traitor if he had been suffered to live. It is easy enough, reflecting on the sad story as I now am, in view of the glorious Bay of Naples, or as you probably are, sitting by a blazing fire, in a time of peace, when no reign of terror is exercising men's minds, to feel how we could wish that our great sailor had acted. But surely he knew best. He was not a man given to cruelty or even to severity; but he was capable of sacrificing his own feelings, his own fame, and everything else which he held dear, to his sense of duty. If in doing what he judged to be his duty he bruised his own heart, laid himself open to the attacks of the slanderous, and assumed a responsibility and an odium of which he might easily have

* Mr Southey says that Caracciolo was nearly seventy years of age. I know not whence he derived his information, but the inscription on the house certainly states that Caracciolo was born in 1752 and was hanged in 1799.

† See *Blackwood's Magazine* for March 1860, Art. "Nelson and Caracciolo;" and for April 1860, Art. "Lady Hamilton."

washed his hands, we ought rather to pity the cruel choice which necessity imposed on him, than to condemn him for his part in a tragedy which we cannot wholly understand. Is it more likely that Nelson on this occasion felt bound to deny the promptings of his own tender and considerate heart, or that he became for the moment a monster of cruelty and blood-thirstiness, contradicting all the known tendencies of his nature?

Well, Caracciolo was hanged to death, and his body taken out to sea and sunk in the depths thereof, with two hundred and fifty pounds of shot tied to it, that it might disappear forever —

And woo the slimy bottom of the deep.

Even the hanging of a Neapolitan prince could not in those eventful years be more than a few days' wonder. And now indeed there were other events in plenty. Foremost among these was the return of the king and royal family to Naples after an absence of eight months or thereabouts, during which period the continental Sicily had been lost and recovered. But King Nasone, even in his hour of triumph, with his characteristic caution where his own skin was concerned, thought it more prudent not to trust himself all at once among his beloved people: so he remained afloat in the bay in the secure precincts of Nelson's ship, the union-jack appearing to him to throw a more comfortable shadow than the banner of the Two Sicilies. Like another king of Naples * long before him, he "received comfort like cold porridge," and did not seem over anxious to resume possession of his palace. While he thus kept his court between decks he was one day startled by an announcement made by one of his Neapolitans that the dead Caracciolo had risen and was pursuing the ship and the king towards Naples. Nasone was not prone to superstitious alarms, although he was, as we have seen, shrewd enough in warding off workaday dangers. He did not, therefore, break out into a cold perspiration on hearing of this resurrection, but went to see for himself what was the matter. His own observation, however, did by no means contradict the alarm given by his attendant. There, distinct above the waves, were the well-known features of Caracciolo. He was following the ship like a fate, and seemed, like a spectre of romance, disposed to accompany the restored monarch to his capital,

to face him in his state and in his feasts, and to dog his footsteps like remorse.

The times have been

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange

Than such a murder is.

After a time the king was satisfied that this was no phantom, but the very body of his *quondam* admiral, which, without bursting its cerements (for it had none to burst), but simply by the common effect of corruption in the water, had become sufficiently buoyant to raise both itself and the heavy weight attached to it, while the latter served to maintain it in the upright position. The corpse was taken from the sea and sent ashore for burial; and thus, so far as visible intrusions were concerned, the manes of Caracciolo were appeased, and his perturbed spirit found rest.

The king, restored to his throne, proved utterly incompetent to deal with the affairs of his government, so disturbed by the accidents and changes of those times. His family and his ministers could not help him at all as to seeing or doing his duty. "That court," says Southey, "employed itself in a miserable round of folly and festivity, while the prisons of Naples were filled with groans, and the scaffolds streamed with blood. St. Januarius was solemnly removed from his rank as patron saint of the kingdom, having been convicted of Jacobinism, and St. Antonio as solemnly installed in his place." But there was too much business for Nasone, however bunglingly or negligently it may have been done; and he took an early opportunity of slipping back to Sicily, and of making war upon wild beasts, to deal with which he was far more competent than to deal with men. I should say, however, that the royal incapacity was never an ungrateful man, and that at this season of his first restoration he was most emphatic in the acknowledgment of the services which had been rendered to him by the British fleet, and that he showed his gratitude to Nelson like a prince. He made him Duke of Bronte, and gave him a rich domain. These honors Nelson at first resolutely refused; but Lady Hamilton is said to have urged upon her knees the request of the king and queen that he would not refuse a distinction the conferring of which they felt necessary to the preservation of their honor. And the king

* Alonzo, in "The Tempest."

had the grace to say to him, "Lord Nelson, do you wish that your name alone should pass with honor to posterity, and that I, Ferdinand Bourbon, should appear ungrateful?" It must have cost Nasone something to speak thus like a king, but, at any rate he did it; and Nelson, overcome by so much entreaty, consented to accept the Sicilian honors, which included a diamond-hilted sword, formerly a gift to Nasone from his father, Charles III.

Indeed, gifts and honors poured in upon Nelson. He stood on the very pinnacle of fame. But there is a reverse to every picture—a drop of bitter in every cup. Nelson's greatness was complete, and so would have been his own satisfaction in it, but for one thing—the one thing which rises ever like a foul exhalation to tarnish true desert. Detraction would not suffer it. I speak not of scandal-mongers and gossips; greatness can afford to smile at the slanders of such. But a statesman—a man enjoying very high repute in the nation—was not ashamed, in criticising the king's speech in the year 1800, to throw the most base and injurious aspersions on the officers of the fleet, which had so magnified the name of England from one end of the world to the other. Mr. Fox mentioned no name in his base invective, but he evidently pointed at Nelson; and Nelson, on behalf of the naval service, felt bound to write an indignant denial of the aspersions, and a denunciation of the slanderer.

It is a melancholy reflection that the envy and jealousy of a disappointed politician seem to drive from his mind all sense of propriety, all scruple, so far as his successful rival is concerned. To strike at that rival, he is really to trample under foot all national considerations: he sees but his fortunate antagonist, and no feeling becoming a patriot or a man can stay his rancorous attack. Like a woman in her wrath and her vindictiveness, he will strike blindly through any medium that may offer an occasion for the blow. Mr. Fox, in his anxiety to discredit Mr. Pitt, could not see that in calumniating the navy he was touching the very apple of England's eye. There was not the slightest chance of getting the British public to think evil of their sailors; and a dispassionate person can hardly understand how any English statesman could have wished them to entertain an evil thought of these heroes. Nevertheless, Mr. Fox, if he could have done it, would have sacrificed their fame for the sake of discrediting or embarrassing Mr. Pitt.

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I said that a dispassionate person could hardly understand this; but I recall my words. We of this generation can understand it only too well. We have the key to the inconsistencies of those days; we, too, have lately witnessed the lengths to which a baffled politician may be carried when he is mad with spleen, and with desire to damage his successful and more able rival.

It was in the Bay of Naples that Nelson received from Captain Hallowell the extraordinary present of a coffin made from timbers of "L'Orient," which were recovered after the ship blew up. So far was the admiral from thinking this a disagreeable or an ominous gift that he prized it highly, and had it placed upright in his cabin. Such was the temper of his mind that a *memento mori* like this agreed with his humor, and he did not seem quite to comprehend the oblique looks which his officers cast at the gloomy chest. "You may look at it, gentlemen, but you won't have it," was his remark. He did, however, at last consent to put it out of sight, but he himself did never, in the figurative sense, lose sight of it. It was carefully preserved till it was wanted, and he lies in it now in the crypt of St. Paul's.

I had the pleasure in old times of knowing Lieutenant Parsons, R.N., who was certainly in Nelson's fleet, and, if I mistake not, was the officer who had charge of Caracciolo while under arrest. The reason why I hesitate to say positively that he was the man is, that Mr. Southey states that Caracciolo was attended by Mr. Parkinson, and I have not at hand means of ascertaining what the officer's name was. Mr. Parsons had anecdotes in plenty to tell of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and, to the best of my recollection, he invariably spoke respectfully of the latter. I observe that in many memoirs which mention this extraordinary woman it is stated that, after she began to move among gentle people, much pains were taken with her education, and she became artificially accomplished in a high degree. This, however, I doubt, because it does not agree with what Lord Nelson himself once said of her. I know that when his lordship was one day extolling her talents to Mr. Hopper, to whom he was sitting for his portrait, he said parenthetically, "It's all God's doing; she ha'n't been taught."

Let me mention here that Lady Hamilton's picture, which for long, and to his last hour, hung in Nelson's cabin, is now (or very lately was) above the mantelpiece

in the writing-room of the Army and Navy Club in London.

Soon after the events to which I have alluded, Nelson departed from Naples to win fresh laurels in other waters. The city has been the scene of many a change and of frequent excitements since those days, but it has never entertained so great a hero, never since been under such illustrious tutelage. The city, probably, has been a good deal changed from the city which Nelson saw; but the bay, the unrivalled bay, must be much the same as in the time when his keels were riding on its waters. The headlands and rocks are the same as rolled back the salutes and acclamations; the blue depths are there which his cables sounded; the air is as soft and the sun as bright to-day as when he was hailed Baron Nelson of the Nile. Where the still life of the picture remains so much as it was, the imagination more easily peoples it and calls back the phantom of other days. There it was that his admiring Emma flung herself against his heart; there the royal fugitives embarked, guarded by the cutlasses of British tars, for their voyage to Palermo; just there hung the corpse of Caracciolo at the "Minerva's" yard-arm; and along that distant streak of sunshine did the dead Caracciolo pursue his restored sovereign. As the evening advances and glowing colors from the sunset are reflected from the mist which hangs about the summit of Vesuvius the illusion grows stronger; and as the darkness rather suddenly falls, the reality of the scenes over which I have been thinking seems for a few minutes restored. Then night swallows the vision as once it swallowed those acted dramas, and the dream is over, and no more musing will there be for an hour or two. The street, which has been pretty quiet since sunset, is fast filling again with passengers, groups, and crowds, who laugh and whoop and scream as if their spirits were running riot; and then just round me there is a sudden hush as a vagabond minstrel thrums carelessly a chord of his guitar, and his associate is heard clearing his throat with an emphasis which might excite admiration even in the United States of America. Another second, and a prelude is being executed on the guitar and a fiddle, into which breaks the song of "*Io ti voglio ben assai*," in the inimitable croak and *patois* of a Neapolitan bard. *Soldi* rattle on the pavement from the balconies above. Some find their way into the minstrel's pockets; some also into the pockets of the attendant crowd. A musi-

cian spreads an umbrella, inverts it, and beseeches the spirits that sit up aloft to aim their largesses at that receptacle. Down comes another copper shower, the umbrella closes, the unprofessional crowd is baffled but does not growl or strive; it only laughs gaily. "*Che volete?*" shouts the fiddler, turning up his face to the lighted windows. "*Lu vasillo*,"* returns a soft voice, not Neapolitan. "*Ecco la luna, signorina*,"† I hear called up again in a stage whisper. This impertinence does not mean that the rascal has misunderstood the fair postulant. It is his way of saying that they are not prepared with "*Lu vasillo*" to-night. The crowd are highly amused; but remembering that the joke is at the expense of an *eccellenza*, there is no boisterous demonstration, only a low cackle expressing more delight than the wildest guffaw. The soft voice is heard no more; but a masculine tongue, evidently ignorant of the language and crammed for the occasion, grows some barbarous accents meant for "*Voca, voca*."* The musician, to whom it is most important to make some *amende*, with something approaching to inspiration comprehends the uncouth call. "*Voca, voca, cellenza si, subito, subito*," replies he; and the symphony rolls out, and all is hushed attention again. So have we been going on for the last hour and a half. The minstrels seem to be shutting up. I am inclined to yawn, which I may with propriety do, for we are in Lent, and there is no theatre, no ball, no further entertainment. "Even here," as Selkirk remarked, "is a season of rest."

I advance to close the casement, and meet the full stare of the moon which is hanging above Somma and flooding with her light the plain where I know Pompeii to lie. There is her reflection, the infernal Hecate, in the depths of the bay, as bright as the goddess in the sky. The noise of locomotion has all died away, and now I hear the waters drumming on the shore with a dull sound which makes the stillness even more still, instead of breaking it. Not a leaf is stirring in the villa. A yellow glow among the trees shows where some statue is giving back the

* "*Lu vasillo*" is Neapolitan for "The Kiss;" it is a sprightly, clever Neapolitan ballad.

† "Look at the moon, miss." This is quite in accord with the sentiment of "*Lu vasillo*," in which the gallant pleads for a *secret* kiss, which passes and leaves no mark to be seen in the light.

* *Voca, voca* is Neapolitan for *voga, voga*, that is, "pull, pull," or, as we put it, "give way," addressed to rowers. These words are the commencement of a charming ballad.

moonbeams. But *something* stirs. Yes, a *lazzarone* who has made his couch on the grating above the kitchen-window of my hotel is turning himself. Now he is on his left side and snoring luxuriously. There, all is fast now, and I, my dear editor, have only to say good-night to you, fling down my pen, too long employed, and betake myself, amid all this tranquillity, to sleep the sleep of

A WANDERING ENGLISHMAN.

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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF CANADA.

THERE were two people standing at a window and looking abroad over the troubled waters of Lake George—or Lake Horicon as they preferred to call it—on this colorless and cheerless morning. The scene was a sad one enough. For far away the hills were pale under the clouded sky, and there were white mists stealing over the sombre forests, and the green islands lay desolate in the midst of the leaden sea that plashed coldly on their stony shores. Were they thinking—these two—as they watched the mournful grays of the morning change and interchange with the coming and going of the rain-clouds, that the great mother Nature was herself weeping for her red children gone away forever from this solitary lake and these silent woods? This was their domain. They had fished in these waters, they had hidden in these dense forests from the glare of the sun, for ages before the ruthless invader had come from over the seas. Or was it of a later race that these two were thinking—of persons and deeds that had first become familiar to them in the pleasant summer-time, as the yacht lay becalmed on the golden afternoons, with the mountains of Skye grown mystical in the perfect stillness? Was it

of Judith Hutter, for example, and Hurry Harry, and the faithful Uncas, who had somehow got themselves so mixed up with that idling voyage that one almost imagined the inhabitants of Tobermory would be found to address one as a pale-face when the vessel drew near the shore? One of the two spoke.

"I think," said she, slowly—but there was a peculiar proud light in her eyes—"I think I might this very minute telegraph to Mr. Balfour to come right over by the next steamer."

The companion of this person was not in the habit of expressing surprise. He had got accustomed to the swift and occult devices of her small and subtle brain. If the member for Englebury had at that moment arrived by coach, and walked up the front steps of the hotel, he would have betrayed no astonishment whatever. So he merely said, "Why?"

"You will see," she continued, "that her first thought about this lake will be its likeness to some other lake that she has known. She is always looking back to England. Last night she spoke quite cheerfully about going home. If Mr. Balfour were suddenly to meet us at Montreal—"

"Have you telegraphed to him?" demands the other, sternly; for he is never sure as to the madness of which this woman is capable.

"No."

"Nor written to him?"

"No."

"Then don't be a fool. Do you mean to say that two people who find their married life so unbearable that they must needs separate, are at once to be reconciled because one of them takes a trip across the Atlantic? Is that your remedy for married misery, your salt-water cure—thirty guineas return, with three pounds a head for the wine-bill?"

"It was only one of them who wished for a separation," says this gentle schemer, with a happy smile, "and already she knows a little of what separation is like. Don't I see it? And the further we go, the more varied things we see, I know that her heart is yearning all the more to go back to its home. She speaks now of New York as if it were continents and continents away. It is not a question of time—and of your thirty guineas; it is a question of long days and nights and solitary thinking, and strange places and strange people, and the thought of the increasing labor at one's going back. And just fancy when we have gone away across

the wide prairies — oh, I know! You will see the change in her face when we turn toward England again!"

Her companion is not at all carried away by this burst of enthusiasm.

"Perhaps," he observes, "you will be good enough to say at what point Mr. Balfour is suddenly to appear, like a fairy in a pantomime, or a circus-rider through a hoop."

"I never said he was to appear anywhere," is the petulant reply.

"No; and therefore he is all the more likely to appear. At Niagara? Are we to increase the current with a flood of tears?"

"I tell you I have neither telegraphed nor written to him," she says. "I don't know where he is, and I don't care."

"Then we are determined to have our cure complete? 'Lady Sylvia Balfour before three months of moral scolding: the same after the three months: the recipe forwarded for eighteenpence in postage-stamps. Apply to Professor Stickleback, on the top of Box Hill, Surrey.' There is one thing quite certain — that if you are the means of reconciling these two, they will both of them most cordially hate you for the rest of their life."

"I can not help that," is the quiet answer. "One must do what good one can. It isn't much at the best."

We were almost the only occupants of the steamer that left the small pier and proceeded to cut its way through the wind-swept waters of the lake. And now, sure enough, these people began to talk about Loch Lomond and Killarney, and Windermere, and all sorts of other places, just as if they wished to pander to this poor creature's nostalgia; it was of no use to remind them that the lake was an American lake, with associations of its own, and these far from uninteresting. Very gloomy, however, was the aspect in which Lake Horicon now presented itself to us; for the clouds seemed to come closer down, and the low and wooded hills became of a heavier purple, and darker still became the water that was dashed in hurrying waves on the sandy and rocky shore. Then we got into the narrows, and were near enough the hills to see where the forest had been on fire, the charred stems of the trees appearing in the distance like so many vine stems washed white. The lake opened out again, and on we steamed, the mountains far ahead of us growing of a still deeper purple, as if a fearful storm were impending over them. Suddenly Lady Sylvia

uttered a light cry. She had by accident turned. And, lo! behind us there was a great blaze of sunlight falling on the hills and the water — the lake a sheet of dazzling silver, the islands of a brilliant and sunny green, one keen flash of blue visible among the floating clouds. And it was then, too, we saw an eagle slowly sailing over the russet woods — the only living thing visible in this wilderness of water and forest. The sunlight spread. There were glimmerings of silver in the heavy clouds lying over the region of the Adirondacks. A pale glow crossed from time to time our drying decks. When we landed to undertake the short railway journey between Lake George and Lake Champlain, we found ourselves in hot sunshine.

Lake Champlain, too, was fair and sunny and green, and the waters that the steamer churned were as clear as those of Schaffhausen, while the windy shreds of cloud that floated by the Adirondacks were of the lightest and fleeciest. But there were storms brewing somewhere. As the day waned, we had sudden fits of purple darkness, and dashes of rain went sweeping along the lake. In the evening there was a wild smoke of red in the west behind the pallid hills, and this ruddy glare here and there touched the gray-green waters of the lake with a dusky fire, and made the hull of one boat which we could see in the distance gleam like some crimson stone. As we sat there, watching the lurid sunset and the darkening waters, we had dreams of an excursion to be made in the days to come. When Bell's long exile in the West was over, we were to meet somewhere about this point. We were suddenly to disappear from human ken into the wilds of the Adirondacks. We should live on the produce of our own guns and fishing-rods; we should sleep in the log-huts on the cool summer nights; we should become as dextrous as Indians in the use of our canoes. We had heard vague rumors of similar excursions through these virgin wilds: why should not we also plunge into the forest primeval?

Mr. Von Rosen said nothing at all when he heard this proposal; but he laughed, and looked at his wife.

"When I am set free to get back to England," said the ranch-woman, with great gentleness — for she was obviously profiting by her brief companionship with civilized folks — "I don't think — I really do not think — that you will catch me foolin' around here."

In the mean time, however, she was

just as eager to see everything as anybody else. Look, for example, at what happened on the very first morning after our arrival at Montreal. We had, on the previous evening, left Lake Champlain at Plattsburg, and got into the train there. We had made our first acquaintance with the Canadians in the persons of four as promising-looking scoundrels as could be found in any part of the world, who conversed in guttural French in whispers, and kept their unwashed faces and collarless throats so near together as to suggest a conspiracy to murder. We had parted from these gentlemen, as soon as the train had crossed the St. Lawrence bridge and got into Montreal, and we had reached our hotel about midnight. Now what must this German do but insist on every one getting up at a nameless hour in the morning to start away by train and intercept a boat coming down over the Lachine Rapids. His wife assented, of course; and then the other two women were not to be outdone. A solemn tryst was made. Ridicule was unavailing. And so it happened that there was a hushed hurrying to and fro in the early dawn, and two or three wretched people, who ought to have been in bed, went shivering out into the cold air. As for the Lachine Rapids, the present writer has nothing to say about them. They are said to be very fine, and there is a picture of them in every bookseller's shop in Canada. It is also asserted that when the steamer goes whirling down, the passengers have a pleasing sensation of terror. All he knows is that, as he was sitting comfortably at breakfast, four objects made their appearance, and these turned out to be human beings, with blue faces and helpless hands. When they had got thawed somewhat, and able to open their mouths without breaking bones, they said that the descent of the rapids was a very fine thing indeed.

Nor was it possible for one to learn anything of the character of the Canadian nation because of these insatiable sight-seers. The writer of these pages, finding that he would have two whole days to spend in Montreal, had proposed to himself to make an exhaustive study of the political situation in Canada, and to supplement that by a comparison between the manners, customs, costumes, and domestic habits of the Canadians and those of the Americans. It was also his intention to devote a considerable portion of this time to a careful inquiry as to the number of Canadians who would prefer

separation from Great Britain. But these projected studies, which would have been of immense value to the world at large, were rendered impossible by the conduct of this group of frivolous tourists, who were simply bent on profitlessly enjoying themselves. And this they seemed to do with a great good-will, for they were delighted with the cool fresh air and the brilliant atmosphere which gave to this city a singularly bright and gay appearance. They were charmed with the prettily decorated cabs in the street. When they entered the Cathedral of Notre Dame, it seemed quite appropriate to find colors and gilding there that in England would have suggested a certain institution in Leicester Square. Then we had to climb to the tower to have a view over the beautiful, bright city, with its red brick houses set amid green trees; its one or two remaining tin domes glinting back the morning sunlight; its bold sweep of the St. Lawrence reflecting the blue sky. What was that, too, about the vagus nerve, when the striking of the great bell seemed to fill our chests with a choking sound? Our ranch-woman was not ordinarily scientific in her talk, but she was rather proud of the vagus nerve. Indeed, we grew to have a great affection for that useful monitor within, of whose existence we had not heard before; and many a time afterward, when our desire for dinner was becoming peremptory, we only recognized the friendly offices of this hitherto unknown bellman, who was doubtless, in his own quiet way, sounding the tocsin of the soul.

In fact, these trivial-minded people would have nothing to do with a serious study of the Canadian character. They said that they approved of the political institutions of this country because they got French bread at dinner. They were quite sure that the Canadians were most loyal subjects of the crown, and that everything was for the best, simply because some very kind friends called on them with a couple of carriages, and whirled them away up to the summit of Mount Royal Park, and showed them the great plain beneath, and the city, and the broad river. They went mad about that river. You would have fancied that Bell had been born a barge-woman, and had spent her life in shooting rapids. We knew that the old-fashioned song of our youth kept continually coming back to her idle fancy, for we heard faint snatches of it hummed from time to time when the rest of us were engaged in talk.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers —
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

And the daylight was indeed past when we left Montreal; for these unconscionable tourists insisted on starting at the unholy hour of ten at night, so that they should accomplish some foolish plan or other. It was an atrocious piece of cruelty. We got into a sleeping-car, and found the brightest and cleanest of bunks awaiting us. We were pretty tired, too, with rushing up and down belfry stairs, and what not. It was no wonder, therefore, that we speedily forgot all about our having to get up in the middle of the night at some wretched place called Prescott.

We were summoned back from the calm of dreamland by a hideous noise. We staggered out of the carriage, and found ourselves in a small and empty railway station at two in the morning. But the more we rubbed our eyes, the more we were bewildered. Everything was wrapped in a cold, thick fog, so that the train was but the phantom of a train, and we seemed to each other as ghosts. The only light was from a solitary lamp that sent its dazzling glare into the fog, and seemed to gather about it a golden smoke. Then these fierce cries in the distance, —

"Dan'l's? Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's?"

The poor shivering wretches stared helplessly at each other, like ghosts waiting for Charon to take them somewhere.

"Dan'l's?" again resounded that unearthly cry, which had a peculiar rising inflection on the second syllable. "Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's?"

Then it crossed the mind of the bewildered travellers that perhaps this Dan'l's was some hostelry in the neighborhood — some haven of refuge from this sea of fog — and so they stumbled along until they made out the glare of another lamp, and here was an omnibus with its door flung wide open.

"Dan'l's?" sung out the plaintive voice again. "Who's for Dan'l's Hotel? All aboard for Dan'l's?"

We clambered into the small vehicle and sat down, bound for the unknown. Then

the voice outside grew sharp. "ALL ABOARD!" it cried. The door was banged to, and away we went through the fog, plunging and reeling, as if we were climbing the bed of a stream.

Then we got into the hostelry, and there was an air of drowsiness about it that was ominous. The lights were low. There was no coffee-room open.

"I think," said the lieutenant, rubbing his hands cheerfully — "I think we could not do better than have some brandy or whiskey and hot water before going to bed."

The clerk, who had just handed him his key, politely intimated that he could have nothing of that sort — nothing of any sort, in fact. The lieutenant turned on him.

"Do you mean to tell me that this is a temperance house?" he said, with a stare.

"No, it ain't," said the clerk. "Not generally. But it is on Sunday; and this is Sunday."

It certainly was three o'clock on Sunday morning.

"Gracious heavens, man!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "is this a civilized country? Don't you know that you will play the very mischief with our vagus nerves?"

The clerk clearly thought he had nothing to do with our vagus nerves, for he simply turned and lowered another lamp. So the lieutenant lit his candle and departed, muttering to himself.

"Dan'l's?" we heard him growl, as he went up the wooden stair. "All aboard for Dan'l's? Confound me if I ever come within a dozen miles of Dan'l's again!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

A THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE next day was a Sunday, still, calm, and blue; and we sat or patiently walked along the wooden pier, waiting for the steamer that was to come up the broad waters of the St. Lawrence. The river lay before us like a lake. The sun was warm on the long planks. There was not a flake of cloud in the sky.

Hour after hour passed, and the steamer, that had been detained in the fog of the preceding night, did not appear. We got into a drowsy and dreamy state. We watched the people come and go by the other boats, without interest or curiosity. Who were these, for example, this motley group of Indians, with their pale olive complexion, and their oval eyes like the eyes of the Chinese? They spoke a gut-

tural French, and they were clad in rags and tatters of all colors. Hop-pickers? the squalid descendants of the old Iroquois? And when these had gone, the only man who did remain was a big sailor-looking person, who walked up and down, and eagerly whittled a bit of wood. Him we did regard with some languid interest; for hitherto we had not seen any one engaged in this occupation, and we wished to know the object of it. Surely this was no idle amusement, this fierce and energetic cutting down of the stick? Was he not bent on making a peg? Or in sharpening his knife? Suddenly he threw the bit of wood into the river, and shut up his knife with an air of much satisfaction: the mystery remains a mystery until this day.

Perhaps it is to beguile this tedium of waiting — and be it remembered that the Lake of a Thousand Islands lay right ahead of us, and Niagara too; while at Niagara we expected to get letters from England — that one of us begins to tell a story. It is a pathetic story. It is all about a bank clerk who lived a long time ago in Camden-town, and who used to walk in every day to the city. One day, as he was passing a small shop, he saw in a corner of the window about half-a-dozen water-color drawings in a somewhat dirty and dilapidated state; and it occurred to him that if he could get these cheap, he might have them fresh-mounted and framed, and then they would help to decorate a certain tiny house that he had his eye on for a particular reason. He bought the pictures for a few shillings, and he very proudly carried them forthwith to a carver and gilder, whose shop lay in his line of route to the city. He was to call for them on the following Monday. He called in at the appointed time, and the carver and gilder seemed suddenly to recollect that he had forgotten the drawings; they would be ready on the next Monday. The bank clerk was in no great hurry — for the fact is, he and his sweetheart had quarrelled — and he somewhat listlessly called in on the next Monday. The drawings, however, were not yet ready. And so it came to pass that every Monday evening, as he went home to his lodgings, the bank clerk — with a sad indifference growing more and more apparent in his face — called in for the water-colors, and found that they were not in the frames yet, and promised, without any anger in his voice, to call again. Years passed, and quite mechanically, on each Monday evening, the bank-clerk called in for the pictures, and just as mechanically he walked home without them to his lodgings.

But these years had been dealing hardly with the bank clerk. His sweetheart had proved faithless, and he no longer cared for any thing that happened to him. He grew negligent about his dress; he became prematurely grey; he could not trust his memory in the fulfilment of his duties. And so in time they had to ask him to resign his situation in the bank; and he became a sort of messenger or hall porter somewhere, with his clothes getting dingier and his hair whiter summer by summer and autumn by autumn. And at last he fell sick, and his wages were stopped, and he thought there was nothing for him to do now but to turn his face to the wall and die. But — said the narrator of this true story — would you believe it? one night the pictures came home! There was a noise on the little wooden stair — not the heavy tramp of the undertaker, but the uncertain footsteps of the carver and gilder, who had himself grown a tottering, white-headed old man. And when he came into the room he burst into tears at sight of the poor bank clerk; but all the same he cried out, "Now, see what I have done for you! I have kept your pictures until they have become OLD MASTERS! I have been offered £300 apiece for them; you can have the money to-morrow." And the poor bank clerk wept too; and he got up, and shook his friend by the hand; he could scarcely express his gratitude. But what does he do now? Why, on the strength of the sum of money he got for his pictures he started a Bath-chair; and you may see him any day you like being wheeled along the broad walks in Regent's Park; and whenever he sees a young man with a beard, a velvetene coat, and unwashed hands, he imagines him to be an artist, and he stops and says to him, "I beg your pardon, sir; but don't be hard on the poor carver and gilder. He is only increasing the value of your pictures. It will all come right in time." This was the story of the poor bank clerk.

The steamer! What business have we to be thinking about Regent's Park, here on the banks of the broad St. Lawrence? We enter the great vessel, and have a passing look at its vast saloons and rows of cabins and rows of life-belts. We start away into the wide stream, and go swiftly cutting through the clear green water; while the wooded and rocky banks and the occasional clusters of white houses glide noiselessly back into the sunny haze of the east. Then the vagus nerve has to be appeased; for it is a long time since

we left the coffee-room at Dan'l's. When we go out on the high deck again, the afternoon is wearing on, and we are nearing the great widening of the river which is known as the Lake of a Thousand Islands.

But surely this is neither a river nor a lake that begins to disclose itself — stretching all across the western horizon, with innumerable islands and gray rocks and dark clusters of firs and bold sweeps of silver where a current passes through the dark green reflections of the trees. It is more like a submerged continent just reappearing above the surface of the sea; for as far as the eye can range there is nothing visible but this glassy plain of water, with islands of every form and magnitude, wooded down to the edge of the current. It is impossible to say which is our channel, and which the shore of the mainland; we are in a wilderness of water and rock and tree, in unceasing combinations, in perpetual, calm, dream-like beauty. And as we open up vista after vista of this strange world — seeing no sign of life from horizon to horizon but a few wild-duck that go whirring by — the rich colors in the west deepen; the sun sinks red behind some flashing clouds of gold; there is a wild glare of rose and yellow that just misses the water, but lights up the islands as if with fire; one belt of pine in the west has become of a deep violet, while all around the eastern sky there is a low-lying flush of pink. And then, after the sun has gone, behold! there is a pale, clear, beautiful green all across the west; and that is barred with russet, purple, and orange; and the shadows along the islands have grown dusky and solemn. It is a magical night. The pale, lambent twilight still fills the world, and is too strong for the stars — unless we are to regard as golden planets the distant lights of the light-houses that steadily burn above the rocks. There is a gray, metallic lustre on the surface of the lake, now ruffled by the cool winds of the night. And still we go gliding by these dark and silent islands, having the sharp yellow ray of a light-house now on this side and now on that; and still there seems to be no end to this world of shadowy foliage and rock and gleaming water. Good-night — good-night — before the darkness comes down! The Lake of a Thousand Islands has burned itself into our memory in flashes of rose-color and gold.

What is this strange thing that awakens us in the early morning — a roaring and rushing noise outside, a swaying of the

cabin that reminds us of "the Rolling Forties" in mid-Atlantic, and sudden dashes of green water across the dripping glass of the port-hole? We stagger up on deck, and lo! there is nothing around us but driving skies and showers and hurrying masses of green water, that seem to have no boundary of mainland or island. We congregate in the forward part of the saloon, and survey this cheerless prospect; our only object of interest being the rapid flight of some wild-fowl that scud by before the wind. Have we drifted away, then, from the big, hot continent they call America, and floundered somehow into the Atlantic or Pacific? We are withdrawn from this outward spectacle by the pathetic complaints of a tall and lank Canadian, who has made friends with everybody, and is loudly discoursing — in a high, shrill, plaintive key — of his troubles, not the least of which is that he declares he will shortly be seasick if this plunging of the steamer continues. It appears that he came on board at some port or other about six in the morning, with his wife, who, an invalid, still remains in her cabin.

"Yes, sir. The landlord shet up at 'leven o'clock, and we didn't know when the boat was comin' 'long; and me and the old woman we had to go bamboozlin' round moren hef the night; and that makes a man kiner clanjammery, you bet!"

He looked through the dripping winds with an uncomfortable air.

"There's a pretty riley bit o' sea on," he remarked.

He became more and more serious, and a little pale.

"If this goes on," said he, suddenly, "by Gosh, I'll heave!"

So we considered it prudent to withdraw from the society of this frank and friendly person; and while the vessel went plunging on through the wild chaos of green and gray mists and vapors, we busied ourselves in purchasing knickknacks manufactured by the Canadian Indians, little dreaming that ere long we should be the guest of the red man in his wigwam in the far West, and be enabled to negotiate for the purchase of articles deposited by the innocent children of the forest at a sort of extemporized pawnshop at the agency. It was then that one of our number — her name shall not be mentioned, even though thousands of pounds be offered — made a joke. It was not an elaborate joke. But when she said something, in a very modest and sly way, about a Pawnee, we forgave her wickedness for the sake of the beauti-

ful color that for a second suffused her blushing face.

Even Lake Ontario, shoreless as it seemed when we went on deck in the morning, must end some time; and so it was that at length we came in sight of its northwestern boundaries, and of Toronto. By this time the weather had cleared up a bit; and we landed with the best disposition in the world toward this great collection of business buildings and private dwellings, all put down at right angles on the sandy plain adjoining the lake.

"Now will you study the history, literature, and political situation of Canada?" asked the only serious member of this party, when we had reached the spacious and comfortable hotel, which was an agreeable relief after being on board that fog-surrounded ship.

"I will not," is the plain answer.

"What did you come to America for?"

If she had been honest, she would have confessed that one of her plans in coming to America was the familiar one of delivering a series of lectures — all at the head of one innocent young wife. But she says, boldly, —

"To amuse myself."

"And you have no care for the ties which bind the mother country to these immense colonies — you have no interest in their demands —"

"Not the slightest."

"You would see them go without concern?"

"Yes. Are we not always giving them a civil hint to that effect?"

"It is nothing to you that the enterprise of your fellow-subjects has built this great town, in a surprisingly short time on this arid plain —"

"It is a great deal to me," she says. "I must buy a dust-coat, if I can get one. And what about the arid plain? I see as many trees here as I have seen in any city on this side of the Atlantic."

And so it was always; the most earnest of students would have broken down in his efforts to impress on this tourist party the necessity of learning anything. If you spoke to them about theatres, or carriages, or dry champagne, perhaps they might condescend to listen; but they treated with absolute indifference the most vital questions regarding the welfare of the nation whose guests they were. The kindly folks who drove them about Toronto, through the busy streets of the commercial district, through the sandy thoroughfares where the smart villas stood amid the gardens, and through that broad and

pleasant public park, tried to awaken their concern about the doings of this person and that person whose name was in all the newspapers; and they paid no more heed than they might have done had the Legislature of Ottawa been composed of the three tailors of Tooley Street. But there was one point about Toronto which they did most honestly and warmly admire, and that was the Norman Gothic University. To tell the truth, we had not seen much that was striking in the way of architecture since crossing the Atlantic; but the simple grace and beauty of this gray stone building wholly charmed these careless travellers; and again and again they spoke of it in after-days when our eyes could find nothing to rest upon but tawdry brick and discolored wood. There is a high tower at this Toronto college, and we thought we might as well go up to the top of it. The lieutenant, who was never at a loss for want of an introduction, speedily procured us a key, and we began to explore many curious and puzzling labyrinths and secret passages. At last we stood on the flat top of the square tower, and all around us lay a fresh and smiling country, with the broad waters of Ontario coming close up to the busy town. We went walking quite carelessly about this small inclosed place; we were chatting with each other, and occasionally leaning on the parapet of gray stone.

Who was it who first called out? Far away over there, in the haze of the sunlight, over the pale ridges of high-lying woods, a faint white column rose into the still sky, and spread itself abroad like a cloud. Motionless, colorless, it hung there in the golden air; and for a time we could not make out what this strange thing might be. And then we bethought ourselves — that spectral column of white smoke, rising into the summer sky, told where Niagara lay hidden in the distant woods.

From The Nineteenth Century.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.*

THE biography of this remarkable woman has been received by the public with the eagerness and interest which her fame and her works were pretty sure to command, and has been so widely read that all who see this notice may be confidently

* *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, with Memorials.* By Maria Weston Chapman. 3 vols.

assumed to be familiar with the book itself. We can, therefore, dispense with the task of following the narrative step by step, or in any material detail. At the same time the reviews of it which have appeared have, with scarcely an exception, been so discriminating and appreciative, and on the whole so kind and just, that little is left to correct and not a great deal to supply.

But, deeply interesting as the work is, it is impossible to deny that it has given more pain than pleasure to large numbers of those friends who knew her best and valued her most truly. Her own autobiography does her so much less than justice, and the needless, tasteless, and ill-conditioned memorials of the lady to whom she injudiciously entrusted the duties of editor, have managed to convey such an unsound and disfiguring impression of her friend, that the testimony of one who enjoyed her intimacy for many years, and entertained a sincere regard for her throughout, seems wanted to rectify the picture.

It is idle to criticise the egotism of autobiographies, however pervading and intense. Their egotism is their *raison d'être*. It is certain that all persons know much about themselves which no one else can know, look and must look at themselves from a special standpoint, and from one which has, if exceptional dangers, exceptional advantages as well; and the more thoroughly searching and self-observing—that is, the more egotistical—their narrative is, the more valuable is it likely to prove. All that we are entitled to require is that it shall be unflinchingly honest and sincere according to the writer's light. Self-knowledge, humility, just and moderate appreciation of their qualities and achievements, we may desiderate, but we have no right to demand. The very absence of these mental or moral gifts may be among the most salient characteristics which it is the worth of autobiography that it reveals to us. We cannot claim from the painters of their own portraits, or the writers of their own lives, that they shall tell us truly what they were—only that they shall tell us truthfully what they appeared to themselves to be—and this requisite of biography Miss Martineau rigidly fulfils. Writing invariably with the most patent candor and courage, she tells the truth wherever and so far as she could see it, and betrays it almost as plainly where it was obviously hidden from her eyes.

But not only is the book preponderat-

ingly full of herself, as it was quite right that it should be; not only does it describe everything exclusively and unquestioningly from her own point of view, as was inevitable: it will appear to most readers to paint the world itself as also extravagantly full of her, and to represent herself as occupying a larger space in its horizon, and making a more prominent figure in its drama, than was really the case. She describes herself, from her first sudden plunge into publicity and fame in 1832 (when the extraordinary success of her "Political Economy Tales" took the world by surprise), as run after, flattered, beset with admirers, haunted and beleaguered by politicians who wanted to use her, publishers who wanted to secure her services, worshippers of celebrity who wanted her presence in their saloons, real adorers of talent and worth, who out of simple kindness and interest wished to know and to befriend a writer of such rare promise; and she narrates all this with a certain natural excitement and vividness of coloring which irresistibly convey the impression of exaggeration. The answer is that all this was true. The London world did run after her in a fashion to which it is often prone. Her advent created a sensation which was extraordinary, which, looking back upon the circumstances, seems now somewhat disproportionate to its cause, and which continued for a longer period than is usual with sudden enthusiasms of that nature. The *digito monstrari et dicier hæc est* haunted her steps for many years and in far-distant scenes. "The United States," says Mrs. Chapman, "seemed for the moment a mere whispering gallery for the transmission of her opinions." Fussy patriots of several lands applied to her to make constitutions for them, and to plead their cause before the world's tribunal. Small blame to her if she took herself at the world's estimation, and believed, what hosts of people assured her, hour by hour—namely, that she was a rising star, a new power come upon the stage, gifted with astonishing capacities and destined to an exceptional career. She was not exactly spoiled by her metropolitan reception, novel and stimulating as it was; but it developed the seeds of already existing faults into a singularly rapid growth. She was suspiciously on her guard against its dangers; she resented the bare notion of being "lionized," and constantly fancied she was being lionized in circles whose tone, if she had understood it, would have secured her from anything of the sort.

She accepted homage readily enough, and enjoyed it thoroughly, though scarcely simply; for she took up the absurd position of refusing to be sought for her eminent talent and success, "would not be visited or invited as a blue-stocking, but as a lady, etc."—forgetting that, as a mere unknown lady and apart from her literary powers, she had no claim to be visited at all; so that no wonder her genial and experienced friend, Mr. Hallam, thought her conceited and presuming. There is scarcely an indication of simple gratification at having obtained entrance and cordial greeting into a class of society incomparably superior, intellectually and politically, to that she had been used to—no trace of a perception that it *was* in any way superior—no attitude of mind towards it except the critical one; and her criticisms were, in the vast majority of instances, depreciating even to unseemliness.

The tone in which she speaks of at least half her London acquaintances, her sketches of friends and foes alike, the sovereign contempt in the one set of portraits, the rancorous animosity in the other, and the utter injustice and almost libellous character of many, are probably the features of her book which will leave the most painful impression. The Whigs, as a body, though the party to whose gallant efforts the wonderful progress of the nation in those days was incontestably due, were, for some reason or other, the objects of her vehement detestation.

"The young Romillys had virtuous projects when they entered political life, and had every hope of achieving service worthy of their father's fame; but their aspirations were speedily tamed down, as all high aspirations are lowered by Whig influences." "The Whig touch perished it [the voice of the people] at once; the poverty and perverseness of their ideas and the insolence of their feelings were precisely what might have been expected from that remarkably vulgar class of men." "There was nothing to be expected from the official Whigs now [1848] that they were spoiled by the possession of place and power. [They had been her earliest admirers and most eager assistants, but they had made the mistake of offering advice.] I had seen that they had learned nothing by their opportunities; that they were hardened in their conceit and prejudices, and as blind as bats to the new lights which time was introducing into society. . . . I have seen a good deal of life, and many varieties of manners; and it now appears to me [1855] that the broadest vulgarity I have encountered is in the families of official Whigs, who conceive themselves the cream of society, and the lights and rulers of the empire."

Her abuse of Brougham we shall not contest, and there may have been excuse enough for her remarks on Lockhart and Croker. But her *de-haut-en-bas* judgment of Macaulay is perhaps wisest of the mark. He was all blossom and no fruit; "he wants heart;" his speeches "were fundamentally weak;" "he has never [1855] achieved any complete success. As a politician his failure has been signal," etc., etc.

Her sketch of Bishop Stanley is ludicrously astray; he, remarkable for pluck and spirit, and liberal in days when liberality was rare, "had no courage or dignity under the bad manners of his Tory clergy; and he repeatedly talked to me about it in such a style as to compel me to tell him plainly that Dissenters like myself are not only accustomed to ill-usage for difference of opinion, but are brought up to regard that trial as one belonging to all honest avowal of convictions, and to be borne with courage and patience like other trials!"

But "good Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade," an intimate friend of her own, the eminent publicist and statistician, perhaps fares the worst. He was "amiable and friendly, industrious and devoted to his business, but sadly weak and inaccurate, prejudiced and *borné* in ability." "Nothing could be more untrustworthy and delusive than his statistics." His great book, still an authority, on the "Progress of the Nation," is declared to be full of the shallowest and most ludicrous blunders. "Not his innocent vanity, which was far from immoderate, but his deficiency in sense and intellectual range, together with his confidence in himself and his want of confidence in all public men, was an insuperable disqualification for the sound discharge of his functions," etc., etc.

Now it is difficult for those who read this gallery of portraits—shallow, contemptuous, condemnatory, and curiously astray as, in spite of occasional shrewdness, they for the most part are—who remember, too, that they are the judicial sentences delivered posthumously upon a number of eminent contemporaries by a writer whose most marked characteristic it was that she would neither endure nor pardon the faintest censure on herself, nor admit for a moment that any human being had the slightest claim to sit in judgment on her, far less to express an opinion or pronounce a verdict, and who find that these depreciating pictures were painted, laid by in closets, embalmed for the enlightenment of posterity, for twenty years before the painter's death without any

dream of revision—it is difficult for readers not to receive the impression that Miss Martineau was essentially ill-natured and given to bitterness and depreciation. In conveying this impression she does herself grievous injustice. There has seldom been a more kindly-hearted or affectionate person, or even one more given to an over-estimate of her friends, perhaps even more prone to make idols out of not quite the finest clay, more watchfully considerate to all dependent upon her, more steadfastly devoted to those who had once got hold of her imagination or attachment, unless they tried her constancy too hardly by criticism, opposition, or condemnation. All her geese were swans. All her servants and junior relatives were devoted to her, and with good reason, for there was a vast element of geniality about her. In spite of the painful description she gives of her early life (which we believe her connections scarcely recognize as faithful), she was, we should pronounce, from the time she had once found her work and made her mark, a singularly happy person; and continued to grow happier and happier, illness notwithstanding, till near the end. Her unflinching belief in herself, her singular exemption from the sore torment of doubt or hesitation, helped to make her so. Now, happy people, where really good-hearted and sociable, *are* genial; their enjoyment is so simple and genuine, and their confidence in the prompt cordial sympathy of those around them is so undoubting and so provocative of response. The charm of Harriet Martineau's intercourse (passing over the fits of indignation her dogmatic damnation of your bosom friends would often rouse) may be understood by those who read the "Sixth Period" of her autobiography,—especially the description of the joyous epoch when, in the midst of rest, and health, and vigor, she settled among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, built her Windermere home, and reorganized her recovered life for a fresh burst of animation and productiveness.

Her character was easy to read, for in one sense it was consistent enough and presented no mysteries or depths; and her faults, which were neither few nor small, were readily forgiven her, for she loved much and labored hard for the happiness of others. In an unusual degree it was to be said of Harriet Martineau *qu'elle avait les défauts de ses qualités*. It would indeed have been difficult for her to have had the mental and moral gifts which distinguished her so signally with-

out the analogous errors, in the way of deficiency or excess, which impaired their perfection and detracted from their value. "Authors," says Southey, "may be divided into two classes, spiders and silk-worms—those who spin because they are empty, and those who spin because they are full." Miss Martineau was one of the latter. She never, after her very youthful years, wrote either for money or for fame. She wrote because the matter was borne in upon her, because the idea or the subject had taken possession of her, because the thing in her conception "wanted saying," and it was in her to say it, and was not open to her to withhold it. With the promptitude and force of irresistible conviction the work assumed in her mind the position of a duty to be done—almost of an inspired utterance that *must* be given forth. Hence the curious arrogance with which she resented the slightest approaches towards suggestion, remonstrance, or advice, the *noli me tangere* vehemence with which she insisted that no other mind should ever be permitted to interfere with the operations or visions of her own. Hence also the extraordinarily rapid imaginations she poured out, and the unhesitating confidence with which, when once written, she hurried them to the press. She not only would not alter at the suggestion of others; she would rarely if ever revise or correct in consequence of any caution or misgiving of her own. Misgiving seems, indeed, to have been a sensation that was alien to her constitution. Like Balaam, the word that the Lord put into her mouth, that she must speak. Her marvellous productiveness, the unequalled rapidity with which she turned out her admirable stories, might well cultivate her self-confidence to an extravagant degree. No one who worked so quickly or so hard ever worked so well. It seemed almost—quite so to herself—"as if it were given her in that same hour what she should say." There was no long brooding, no meditation, no slow process of hatching inchoate germs, no painful collection of ample and carefully sifted materials; the plan and the table of contents of her books, as it were, flashed upon her like the intuitions of a poet; the executive efficiency of her intelligence was absolutely unrivalled; her style was always, nearly from the outset, clear, lucid, vigorous, and simple, without a trace of effort, and never, as far as we remember, betraying the faintest lapse into those faults of fine or ambitious writing which are the besetting sin of youth.

Considering, then, these extraordinary powers, her consciousness of abounding energy, the suddenness and brilliancy of her success, and the fame and adulation with which she was surrounded at such exciting times and amid such dazzling circles, the self-confidence which promptly grew upon her, however regrettable, was not only natural, but its absence would have been all but miraculous. The truth is that doubt seems to have been a state of mind unknown to her. She never *reconsidered* her opinions, or mused over her judgments. They were instantaneous insights, not deliberate or gradual deductions. It scarcely seemed to occur to her that she *could* be wrong; that thousands of eminent or wise men differed from her never appeared to suggest the probability; we never recollect her views, if once formed, being changed or materially modified during a discussion. And this was the more remarkable because, in the first place, her confidence in her own opinions was not irrational-conceit in her own powers; on the contrary, her estimate of these was not at all inordinate, but, as may be seen especially in her last obituary notice of herself in the *Daily News*, rather below the truth, not to say wide of it. And in the second place, she was by no means an unimpressible person, but the reverse. If you spoke to her of men or things before she had formed any judgment of either, you usually found little difficulty in writing your impressions on her mind; but if you were a day too late, if you missed your innings, it was almost hopeless to effect a change — she was

Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

Given, then, a mind of really almost unrivalled innate powers, and, as was inevitable, a strong consciousness of those powers and an irrepressible impulse to use them, a vivid imagination incessantly at work, and — owing partly to her deafness and partly to the early want of exuberant sympathies around her — working usually in solitude; courage, fortitude, and pertinacity of something like the Stoic stamp, a force of conviction akin to that of the fanatic and the martyr, an impatience of temperament amounting to a sort of incapacity for doubt, and rendering suspension of judgment an unnatural frame of mind, — and the fair analyst of character is driven to pronounce that Harriet Martineau could not easily have been less dogmatic, less hasty, or less imperious than she was. One grievous mistake — the parent of countless errors and injus-

tices — she might indeed have escaped, and it is strange that so clear an intelligence as hers should have become so habitually its victim; for the rock was staringly above water. Her deafness absolutely disqualified her either for accurate observation or positive judgments of men — yet she never appears to have dreamed of the disqualification. In society she heard only what was directly intended for her, and moreover only what was specially designed to pass down her trumpet; and comments, sentiments, and statements that must go through this ordeal are inevitably manufactured, or at least modified, for export. A hundred things are *dropped* or whispered which are never shouted, or pronounced *ore rotundo* or oracularly — and these former are precisely the things which betray character and suggest true conclusions. As Sydney Smith remarked in reference to her, "She took *au sérieux* half the sayings I meant as mystifications." Moreover, not only was she not on her guard against this obviously fertile source of blunders — not only did it inspire no sense of misgiving — but she aggravated its unavoidable mischief by a practice, which grew upon her as life went on, of laying down the trumpet before the sentence or the paragraph of her interlocutor was complete, or sometimes, we must add, when she had decided that it would not be worth listening to, or when it was apparently tending in an unwelcome direction. Thus the information or impression conveyed to her by a conversation was often altogether inaccurate or imperfect, but never on that account for one instant mistrusted. Those who knew her were fully aware of this peculiarity, and those of her readers who remember the times, and scenes, and people of whom she writes can trace innumerable instances of it, and will be on their guard against too absolute a reliance on narratives and statements written down twenty years after date, then printed and laid up in lavender for another twenty years, and now in many cases out of reach of authoritative correction.

In another point Miss Martineau had *les défauts de ses qualités*. She was conscientious, we may say, in the extreme; her conscience was not only commanding — it had something about it excessive, morbid, or awry. She obeyed it like an oracle, but she rarely took the precaution of requesting it to reconsider its decisions. Now, with all reasonable deference to popular axioms of morality, it is not at all impossible for men and women to have

too imperious and impetuous a conscience—in fact, to carry more sail than their ballast will warrant or can bear. Harriet Martineau did this in a signal manner. Having no power of doubt and no sense of fear, she christened all her impulses with the name of duty, and followed them resolutely and in defiance of remonstrance. Like many of us, only more than most, she abounded in "views," which she called "principles," and then anointed and enthroned. Conscience was rather her tyrant than her guide, and was installed before it had been anxiously enlightened.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the autobiography to many will prove to be the narrative of the writer's theological, or, as she names it, anti-theological progress, the gradual movement of a curiously courageous, honest, and inquiring mind—one, too, singularly earnest in tone and religious in temperament—from positive belief to equally "positive philosophy."*

* "It was very kind of you to write that last letter to me. I agree in, and like, almost every word of it; but I was especially pleased to see your distinct recognition of the good of the old superstitions in their day. As a necessarian, you are of course bound to recognize this; but the way in which you point it out pleases me, because it is the great idea I have before me in my book. I have found the good of those old superstitions in my day. How it might have been with me (how much better) if I had had parents of your way of thinking, there is no saying. As it was, I was *very* religious (far beyond the knowledge and intentions of my parents) till I was quite grown up. I don't know what I should have done without my faith; for I was an unhealthy and most unhappy child, and had no other resource. Yet it used to strike me often, and most painfully, that whatever relief and comfort my religion gave to my feelings, it did not help me much against my faults. Certainly, my belief in a future life never was either check or stimulus to me in the matter of self-government. Five-and-twenty years ago I became a thoroughly grounded necessarian. I have never wavered for an hour on that point since; and nothing ever gave me so much comfort. Of course this paved the way for the cessation of prayer. I left off praying, however, less from seeing the absurdity (though I did see it) of petitioning about things already ordained, than from a keen sense of the impiety of prayer. First, I could not pray for daily bread, or for any outward good, because I really did not wish to ask for them, not knowing whether they would be good for me or not. So, for some years, I prayed only for good states of mind for myself and others. Of course, the feeling grew on me that true piety required resignation about spiritual matters as much as others. So I left off express prayer, and without remorse. As for Christ's example and need of prayer, I felt that he did not mean what we did by prayer; and I think so still. I think he would condemn our prayers as much as he did those of the Pharisees of his time, and that with him prayer was contemplation and aspiration chiefly. Next, I saw very painfully (I mean with the pain of disgust) how much lower a thing it is to lead even the loftiest life from a regard to the will or mind of any other being, than from a natural working out of our own powers. I felt this first as to resignation under suffering, and soon after as to moral action. Now, I do know something of this matter of resignation. I know it to the very bottom. I have been a very great sufferer—subject to keen miseries almost all my life till quite lately; and never, I am pretty confident, did any one acquiesce in God's will with a more permanent enthusiasm than I did, because this suited the bent of my nature. But I

She began as a Unitarian of the dryest and most dogmatic form, and ended life as an enthusiastic Agnostic. She began as a disciple of Belsham, and finished as a disciple of Comte; and of each faith in turn she was, we need scarcely say, an

became ashamed of this—ashamed of that kind of support when I felt I had a much higher ground of patience in myself." . . .

"As to what my present views are, when clearly brought to the point of expression they are just these. I feel a most reverential sense of something wholly beyond our apprehension. Here we are in the universe! this is all we know; and while we feel ourselves in this isolated position, with obscurity before and behind, we must feel that there is something above and beyond us. If that something were God (as people mean by that word), and I am confident it is not, he would consider those of us the noblest who must have evidence in order to belief—who can wait to learn rather than run into supposition. As for the whole series of faiths, my present studies would have been enough, if I had not been prepared before, to convince me that all the forms of the higher religions contain (in their best aspect) the same great and noble ideas, which arise naturally out of our own minds, and grow with the growth of the general mind; but that there really is *no* evidence whatever of any sort of revelation at any point in the history. The idea of a future life, too, I take to be a necessary one (I mean necessary for support) in its proper place, but likely to die out when men better understand their nature and the *summa bonum* which it encloses. At the same time, so ignorant as I am of what is possible in nature, I do not deny the possibility of a life after death; and if I believed the desire for it to be as universal as I once thought it, I should look upon so universal a tendency as some presumption in favor of a continual life. But I doubt the desire and belief being so general as they are said to be; and then the evidence in favor of it is nothing—except some unaccountable mesmeric stories. What a long confession of faith I have written you! Yes, it *is* faith, is it not? and not infidelity, as ninety-nine hundredths of the world would call it. As for the loneliness I spoke of, I don't generally mind it; and there is abundant ground of sympathy between me and my best friends, as long as occasion does not require that I should give names to my opinions. I have not yet had any struggle with my natural openness or indiscretion. I never could conceal any opinion I hold, and I am sure I never would; and I know, therefore, that I am at the mercy (in regard to reputation and some of my friendships) of accident, which may at any hour render an avowal necessary. But I do not fear this. I have run so many inferior risks, and suffered so little in my peace by divers avowals and heresies, that I am not likely to tremble now. What does give me a qualm sometimes is thinking what such friends as — and as — will suffer, whenever they come to know that I think their 'Christian hope' baseless. They are widows, and they live by their expectation of a future life. I seriously believe that — would go mad or die, if this hope were shaken in her; and my opinions are more to her than any others since her husband's death. But I say to myself as you would say, that these matters must take care of themselves. If the truth comes to me, I must believe it. Yes, I should not wonder if there is a prodigious clamor against me some day, as you say—perhaps after this book comes out. But I don't think I should care for that, about a matter of opinion. I should (or might) about a matter of conduct, for I am sadly weak in my love of approbation; but about a matter of opinion I can't and don't believe what I once did; and there's an end. It is a thing which settles itself; for there is no going back to discarded beliefs. It is a great comfort to me to have you to speak to, and to look to for sympathy. It is a delightful indulgence and refreshment; but if you were to die, or to be engrossed by other interests and occupations, so as to diverge from me, I think I could do without sympathy in a matter so certain as my inability to believe as I once did."—Autobiography, vol. ii., pp. 288-91.

ardent and undoubting proselyting preacher. Her earliest literary success consisted of three prize essays on the arguments for converting Catholics, Mohammedans, and Jews to Unitarian Christianity. Her last book was the "Letters on Man's Nature and Development," which she undertook in concert with her final "guide, philosopher, and friend," Mr. Atkinson, for the conversion of Judaism, Islamism, Christianity, and Deism from all forms of theological belief alike. Her Unitarianism was early discarded, and discarded with what seems to us, according to her own account, irrational and uncharitable contempt. She was first shaken by the necessarian doctrine, then altogether upset by a strong impression of the deep *selfishness* and almost shocking notions of God which appeared to lie at the root of the whole scheme of damnation and redemption embodied in the popular creed—an impression by no means uncommon with those who either approach Christianity from the outside, or eventually get outside it.

The departure of these and many more kept the subject of death vividly before me, and compelled me to reduce my vague and fanciful speculations on "the divine government" and human destiny to a greater precision and accuracy. The old perplexity about the apparent cruelty and injustice of the scheme of "divine government" began at last to suggest the right issue. I had long perceived the worse than uselessness of enforcing principles of justice and mercy by an appeal to the example of God. I had long seen that the orthodox fruitlessly attempt to get rid of the difficulty by presenting the twofold aspect of God—the Father being the model of justice, and the Son of love and mercy—the inevitable result being that he who is especially called God is regarded as an unmitigated tyrant and spontaneous torturer, while the sweeter and nobler attributes are engrossed by the man Jesus—whose fate only deepens the opprobrium of the divine cruelty: while the heretics whose souls recoil from such a doctrine, and who strive to explain away the recorded dogmas of tyranny and torture, in fact give up the Christian revelation by rejecting its essential postulates. All this I had long seen; and I now began to obtain glimpses of the conclusion which at present seems to me so simple that it is a marvel why I waited for it so long—that it is possible that we human beings, with our mere human faculty, may not understand the scheme, or nature, or fact of the universe! I began to see that we, with our mere human faculty, are not in the least likely to understand it, any more than the minnow in the creek, as Carlyle has it, can comprehend the perturbations caused in his world of existence by the tides. I saw that no revelation can by possibility set men right on these matters, for

want of faculty in man to understand anything beyond human ken: as all instruction whatever offered to the minnow must fail to make it comprehend the action of the moon on the oceans of the earth, or receive the barest conception of any such action. Thus far I began to see now. It was not for long after that I perceived further that the conception itself of moral government, of moral qualities, of the necessity of a preponderance of happiness over misery, must be essentially false beyond the sphere of human action, because it relates merely to human faculties. But this matter—of a truer standpoint—will be better treated hereafter, in connection with the period in which I perceived it within my horizon. As to death and the question of a future life, I was some time in learning to be faithful to my best light, faint as it yet was. I remember asserting to a friend who was willing to leave that future life a matter of doubt, that we were justified in expecting whatever the human race had agreed in desiring. I had long seen that the "future life" of the New Testament was the millennium looked for by the apostles, according to Christ's bidding—the glorious reign of a thousand years in Judea, when the Messiah should be the Prince, and the apostles his councillors and functionaries, and which was to begin with the then existing generation. I had long given up, in moral disgust, the conception of life after death as a matter of compensation for the ills of humanity, or a police and penal resource of "the divine government." I had perceived that the doctrines of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body were incompatible; and that, while the latter was clearly impossible, we were wholly without evidence of the former. But I still resorted, in indolence and prejudice, to the plea of instinct—the instinctive and universal love of life, and inability to conceive of its extinction. My sick-room book shows that such was my view when I wrote those essays; but I now feel pretty certain that I was not, even then, dealing truly with my own mind—that I was unconsciously trying to gain strength of conviction by vigor of assertion. It seems to me now that I might then have seen how delusive, in regard to fact, are various genuine and universal instincts; and, again, that this direction of the instinct in question is by no means so universal and so uniform as I declared it to be. I might then have seen, if I had been open-minded, that the instinct to fetishism, for instance, is more general, is indeed absolutely universal, while it is false in regard to fact; and that it is, in natural course, overpowered and annihilated by higher instincts, leading to true knowledge.*

Much that Miss Martineau says about the Atkinson letters seems to us very touching—much curiously blind and almost absurd. Her mind, while march-

* Vol. ii., pp. 184-7.

ing onward towards unbelief, was very lonely and sometimes sad, and the perhaps scarcely warranted influence obtained over her by Mr. Atkinson was due to the fact that from him she first obtained *full* sympathy in her new and *isolating* views;* and neither of them probably was quite able or inclined to recognize how shallow and inconclusive many of the arguments, which seemed to them so decisive, really appeared to profounder and better trained intelligences. Certainly neither of them dreamed how arrogant and irritating the whole tone of the work and scores of the dogmatic and contemptuous expressions must have seemed to the majority of readers, whose tenderest convictions were thus roughly handled. Many of the friends whose anger and antagonism she aroused, no doubt took up a temper and a style of rebuke utterly and often ludicrously inadmissible among devotees of truth, who are not entitled to wonder at differences of opinion or to resent them; but it never seems to have crossed her mind that on the whole her own language was often the unseemlier of the two.† On the whole, by

the publication of that book, though she gave infinite pain, she suffered little if she ventured much; and considering the vastness and deep gravity of the questions at issue, the space devoted in her autobiography to the purely personal and *sensitive* portion of the subject strikes us as rather below the dignity of Miss Martineau, and we pass on to what interests us far more.

Twice in her life she stood for a long period face to face with death, and *studying that position* day by day with all the courage, sincerity, and solemn earnestness of a deep and very honest nature. There was no doubt of the genuineness of the position, even though both she and her medical advisers may have been in error, or at issue, with regard to the imminence of her danger. And she has left us a singularly plainly-drawn portrait of her mental and moral state, analyzed with courage, and as she saw it under the influence of two antagonistic creeds. Perhaps such a contrasting and vivid portrait has never been left on record by any equal intellect. It is well worth dwelling on.

The passage we have already quoted, combined with a reference to the "Sick-room" of which she speaks, will show how she met and regarded her approaching end in the light and under the support of the ordinary views of believers in a future life and a presiding Providence. We will presently quote a passage describing the more genuine confidence and peace with which she prepared to die when convinced that death was the final close of individual or conscious existence, and of the greater comfort as well as *certainly* to her mind of the later faith. For, surprising and startling as it will be to most of her readers, let no man question that these convictions (to most so desolate) were to her positive beliefs and not mere negations, a creed not an atheism, as firmly held as doctrines which take martyrs to the stake, and, moreover, seemingly as joyous as any which ever brightened the last hours of an intelligent and beautiful career. Nothing seems more curiously clear than that her course of thought and sentiment became step by step more enthusiastically cheerful and even glad as, to use her own expression, she exchanged the delusions of theology for the certainties of science, or, as others would describe the same march, as she shook herself gradually free from Christianity, revelation, and dogmatic theism, and took refuge in what some call

to be resented as a positive offence against equity, good manners, and good taste. And her editor has been weak enough to endorse the assumption.

* "Do you not feel strangely alone in your views of the highest subjects? I do. I really know of no one but you to whom I can speak freely about mine. To a great degree I always did feel this. . . . But I do feel sadly lonely, for this reason — that I could not, if I tried, communicate to any one the *feeling* I have that the theological belief of almost everybody in the civilized world is baseless. The very statement, between you and me, looks startling in its presumption." — Letter to Mr. Atkinson, vol. iii., p. 283.

† The unnecessary volume appended to the autobiography by Mrs. Chapman, full as it is of faults both of taste and discretion, we should not have felt compelled to notice but for one section where her blind devotion to her friend has led her into misrepresentation and injustice. The "Atkinson Letters" drew forth one severely condemnatory review, and this, coming as it did from one to whom Harriet Martineau had from childhood been warmly attached, naturally pained and mortified her much. She herself passes over the criticism with one undeserved sentence of irritation: her editor devotes to it a whole chapter of unseemly and inarticulate comments, heading the section "A Life-Sorrow," forgetting that Miss Martineau repeatedly paints this portion of her career as about the happiest of the whole, and connects this happiness directly with the new convictions which Mr. Atkinson had succeeded in implanting. Neither lady was in any way entitled to speak of the review in the terms they use; for, in the first place, the letters are distinctively treated by the critics as the work of Mr. Atkinson (which Miss Martineau insisted that they were), and he and he only, if any one, might have complained of the severity with which the reviewer felt obliged to handle them — Miss Martineau being, as far as we remember, carefully spared — painful as it must have been to the writer to see such an intellect under the misleading of such a guide. Mrs. Chapman's reckless assertion that the co-editors of the *Prospective Review* were perfectly dismayed at the appearance of the article, being now proved, by the testimony of the survivor, to be not only without foundation, but the very reverse of true. But, unfortunately, as the autobiography shows, the position assumed by Miss Martineau throughout her life was that *she* was to be at liberty to condemn others without reticence, gentleness, or moderation, but that to mete her back the same measure in return was

Agnosticism, and others knowledge. These views may not be ours; they may be far, indeed, to us from either giving confidence or inspiring joy, but it is simply idle and foolish to deny that they are compatible, at least, with the truest peace and cheerfulness to hundreds with whose intellects we can claim no equality; no one perhaps has explained what comfort they are capable of yielding with such bold and simple nakedness as Harriet Martineau; and it is to lose one of the richest lessons of her book to disbelieve the truthfulness of these pages of self-development.

I have already told where I was in the pursuit of truth when Mr. Atkinson found me. Learning what I could from him; and meditating for myself, I soon found myself quite outside of my old world of thought and speculation — under a new heaven and a new earth; disembarassed of a load of selfish cares and troubles; with some of my difficulties fairly solved and others chased away like bad dreams, and others again deprived of all power to trouble me, because the line was clearly drawn between the feasible and the unknowable. I had got out of the prison of myself. . . . The hollowness of the popular views of philosophy and science was by this time the clearest thing I ever saw; and the opposite reality, that philosophy founded upon science is the one thing needful . . . had become the crown of my experience, and the joy of my life.*

Again: —

My comrade and I were both pursuers of truth, and bound to render our homage openly and devoutly. We both care for our kind, and we could not see them suffering as we had suffered, without imparting to them our consolation and our joy. Having found, as my friend said, *a spring in the desert*, should we see the multitude wandering in desolation, and not show them our refreshment? We never had a moment's doubt or misgiving, though I anticipated all manner of consequences which never ensued. . . . In younger days I was more ardent . . . now the forecast and love of ease which belong to age are coming upon me. Then *I believed in a Protector* who ordered me to do the work and would sustain me under it; and *however I may now despise that sort of support*, I had it then, and have none of that sort now.†

When in the evenings of that spring I experienced the new joy of feeling myself to be a portion of the universe, resting on the security of its universal laws, certain that its cause was wholly out of the sphere of human attributes, and that the special destination of my race is infinitely nobler than the highest proposed under a scheme of "divine moral gov-

ernment," how could it matter to me that the adherents of a decaying mythology (the Christian following the heathen as the heathen followed the barbaric fetish) were fiercely clinging to their man-god, their scheme of salvation, their reward and punishment, their arrogance, their selfishness, their essential pay-system, as ordered by their mythology? As the astronomer rejoices in new knowledge which compels him to give up the dignity of our globe as the centre of the universe, so do those who have escaped from the Christian mythology enjoy their release from the superstition which fails to make happy, fails to make good, fails to make wise, and has become as great an obstacle in the way of progress as the prior mythologies which it took the place of nearly two thousand years ago. For three centuries it has been undermined, and its overthrow completely decided, as all true interpreters of the Reformation very well know.*

Now, whatever estimate we may form as to the distinctness of the ideas here conveyed, the correctness of the predictions, or the taste and judgment of some of the phraseology employed, no one can doubt the sincerity of the relief expressed; nor can any who knew Miss Martineau question for a moment that the last twenty-five years of her life, the unbelieving portion as it would be termed, were incomparably the happiest and most buoyant. Yet the last twenty of these were passed, in her own conviction at least, under sentence of imminent and probably sudden death. And the following is her deliberate account of her feelings and reflections under the solemn prospect: —

I have now had three months' experience of the fact of constant expectation of death; and the result is as much regret as a rational person can admit at the absurd waste of time, thought, and energy that I have been guilty of in the course of my life in dwelling on the subject of death. It is really melancholy that young people (and, for that matter, middle-aged and old people) are exhorted and encouraged as they are to such waste of all manner of power. I romanced internally about early death till it was too late to die early; and even in the midst of work and the busiest engagements of my life, I used always to be thinking about death — partly from taste, and partly as a duty. And now that I am waiting it at any hour, the whole thing seems so easy, simple, and natural, that I cannot but wonder how I could keep my thoughts fixed upon it when it was far off. I cannot do it now. Night after night since I have known that I am mortally ill, I have tried to conceive, with the help of the sensations of my sinking fits, the act of dying, and its attendant feelings; and thus far I have always gone to sleep

* Vol. ii., p. 335.

† Ibid., p. 345.

* Ibid., p. 356.

in the middle of it. And this is after really knowing something about it; for I have been frequently in extreme danger of immediate death within the last five months, and have felt as if I were dying and should never draw another breath. Under this close experience, I find death in prospect the simplest thing in the world—a thing not to be feared or regretted, or to get excited about in any way. I attribute this very much, however, to the nature of my views of death. The case must be much otherwise with Christians, even independently of the selfish and perturbing emotions connected with an expectation of rewards and punishments in the next world. They can never be quite secure from the danger that their air-built castle shall dissolve at the last moment, and that they may vividly perceive on what imperfect evidence and delusive grounds their expectation of immortality and resurrection reposes. The mere perception of the incompatibility of immortality and resurrection may be, and often is, deferred till that time; and that is no time for such questions. But, if the intellect be ever so accommodating, there is the heart, steady to its domestic affections. I, for one, should be heavy-hearted if I were now about to go to the antipodes—to leave all whom I love, and who are bound up with my daily life—however certain might be the prospect of meeting them again twenty or thirty years hence; and it is no credit to any Christian to be “joyful,” “triumphant,” and so forth in going to “glory,” while leaving any loved ones behind—whether or not there may be loved ones “gone before.” An unselfish and magnanimous person cannot be solaced, in parting with mortal companions and human sufferers, by personal rewards, bliss, or anything of the sort. I used to think and feel all this before I became emancipated from the superstition; and I could only submit, and suppose it all right because it was ordained. But now the release is an inexpressible comfort; and the simplifying of the whole matter has a most tranquillizing effect. Conscious as I am of what my anxiety would be if I were exiled to the antipodes—or to the garden of Eden if you will—for twenty or thirty years, I feel no sort of solicitude about a parting which will bring no pain. Sympathy with those who will miss me I do feel of course; yet not very painfully, because their sorrow cannot, in the nature of things, long interfere with their daily peace; but to me there is no sacrifice, no sense of loss, nothing to fear, nothing to regret. Under the eternal laws of the universe I came into being, and, under them, I have lived a life so full that its fulness is equivalent to length. The age in which I have lived is an infant one in the history of our globe and of man; and the consequence is a great waste in the years and the powers of the wisest of us; and, in the case of one so limited in powers and so circumscribed by early unfavorable influences as myself, the waste is something deplorable. But we have only to accept the conditions in which we find

ourselves, and to make the best of them; and my last days are cheered by the sense of how much better my later years have been than the earlier, or than in the earlier I ever could have anticipated. Some of the terrible faults of my character which religion failed to ameliorate, and others which superstition bred in me, have given way more or less since I attained a truer point of view; and the relief from all burdens, the uprising of new satisfactions, and the opening of new clearness—the fresh air of nature, in short, after imprisonment in the ghost-peopled cavern of superstition—has been as favorable to my moral nature as to intellectual progress and general enjoyment. Thus, there has been much in life that I am glad to have enjoyed; and much that generates a mood of contentment at the close. Besides that I never dream of wishing that anything were otherwise than as it is, I am frankly satisfied to have done with life. I have had a noble share of it, and I desire no more. I neither wish to live longer here, nor to find life again elsewhere. It seems to me simply absurd to expect it, and a mere act of restricted human imagination and morality to conceive of it. It seems to me that there is not only a total absence of evidence of a renewed life for human beings, but so clear a way of accounting for the conception, in the immaturity of the human mind, that I myself utterly disbelieve in a future life. If I should find myself mistaken, it will certainly not be in discovering any existing faith in that doctrine to be true. If I am mistaken in supposing that I am now vacating my place in the universe, which is to be filled by another—if I find myself conscious after the lapse of life—it will be all right of course; but, as I said, the supposition seems to me absurd. Nor can I understand why anybody should expect me to desire anything else than this yielding up my place. If we may venture to speak, limited as we are, of anything whatever being important, we may say that the important thing is that the universe should be full of life, as we suppose it to be, under the eternal laws of the universe; and, if the universe be full of life, I cannot see how it can signify whether the one human faculty of consciousness of identity be preserved and carried forward, when all the rest of the organization is gone to dust, or so changed as to be in no respect properly the same. In brief, I cannot see how it matters whether my successor be called H. M., or A. B., or Y. Z. I am satisfied that there will always be as much conscious life in the universe as its laws provide for; and that certainty is enough, even for my narrow conception, which, however, can discern that caring about it at all is a mere human view and emotion. The real and justifiable and honorable subject of interest to human beings, living and dying, is the welfare of their fellows surrounding them or surviving them. About this I do care, and supremely: in what way I will tell presently.*

* Vol. ii., pp. 435-9.

It is difficult for minds brought up in the conviction of continuous or renewed existence in some altogether different sphere, some world of solved problems and of realized ideas, where every perplexity will be cleared up, every limitation melt away, every corner of space be visited, and every avenue to knowledge opened to our purified vision during eternal years — it is difficult for such minds either to acquiesce in the cessation of conscious being and identity here described, or to thoroughly believe in the cheerfulness of this acquiescence. That so curiously active an intellect should be so content in the prospect of inaction; that one who so thirsted after science should be satisfied, having learned so little, never to learn more; that one so wakeful should thus welcome everlasting sleep; that one who to her last breath felt so intense an interest in the future of the race to which she was to belong no more, should yet be so happy in view of a non-existence in which that future must be absolutely dark, seems all but incredible, would be quite incredible did we not know it to be the case with hundreds who yet calmly submit to the inevitable. But there is some thing behind yet harder to receive — that those whose blessedness in this world has lain, not in philosophy but in affection, not in the accumulation of knowledge but in the interchange of love, whose joy too has consisted rather in the lastingness than the mere fact of their unitedness, should, out of pure submission not to "God's will" but to the "laws of nature," be able, when the hour comes to die, willingly and even gratefully to utter the *Vale vale, in æternum vale*, to the sharers of their life on earth. This is unquestionably the harder — may it not also be the higher — form of pious resignation? — the last achievement of the ripened mind? The following is Harriet Martineau's "last view of the world:" —

I am confident that a brighter day is coming for future generations. Our race has been as Adam created at nightfall. The solid earth has been but dark, or dimly visible, while the eye was inevitably drawn to the mysterious heavens above. There, the successive mythologies have arisen in the east, each a constellation of truths, each glorious and fervently worshipped in its course; but the last and noblest, the Christian, is now not only sinking to the horizon, but paling in the dawn of a brighter time. The dawn is unmistakable; and the sun will not be long in coming up. The last of the mythologies is about to vanish before the flood of a brighter light.

With the last of the mythologies will pass

away, after some lingering, the immoralities which have attended all mythologies. Now, while the state of our race is such as to need all our mutual devotedness, all our aspiration, all our resources of courage, hope, faith, and good cheer, the disciples of the Christian creed and morality are called upon, day by day, to "work out *their own* salvation with fear and trembling," and so forth. Such exhortations are too low for even the wavering mood and quaked morality of a time of theological suspense and uncertainty. In the extinction of that suspense, and the discrediting of that selfish quackery, I see the prospect, for future generations, of a purer and loftier virtue and a truer and sweeter heroism than divines who preach such self-seeking can conceive of. When our race is trained in the morality which belongs to ascertained truth, all "fear and trembling" will be left to children; and men will have risen to a capacity for higher work than saving themselves — to that of "working out" the welfare of their race, not in "fear and trembling," but with serene hope and joyful assurance.

The world as it is is growing somewhat dim before my eyes; but the world as it is to be looks brighter every day.*

W. R. GREG.

* Vol. ii., pp. 460-2.

From The Spectator.

NORWAY AND THE MAELSTROM.

THE following notes of one or two days' sight-seeing within the Arctic Circle may perhaps be interesting to some of our readers. What I saw made a strong impression upon me, as of scenery unlike anything which I had seen in the more frequented show-places of Europe.

The yacht "Aphrodite," one of the loveliest things which ever sailed from Cowes, brought us from "off" Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, to Bergen, in three days nineteen hours. Every one knows the strange appearance of the coast of Norway on the map, how it looks like a piece of stuff which has got very much frayed at the edge — how innumerable lochs and fiords pierce it in all directions, as if they made or found great cracks and fissures in its mountain-wall; while all this is again protected from the ocean by a fringe of islands, which leave only a few gaps where you are obliged to cross a space of open sea. This arrangement is delightful for small boats, fishing-craft, and the square-sailed, black-prowed *yachts*, laden to the water's edge, which carry fish and oil from Hammerfest to Bergen and elsewhere; even as in old

time, it was just the thing for the Norse pirates, whom we are proud to count among our ancestors, who fought and murdered each other in these narrow waters, or issued from them to kill or conquer other people; but a delicate, high-mettled yacht like the "Aphrodite," one large enough to breast the North Sea with safety nowadays, would generally find herself obliged to take the outside sea-passage, from sheer want of room to work to windward with in the narrow water-lanes within. So, luxury upon luxury, my friend engages a stout steam-tug at Bergen, so that with this useful slave to pull, and a steam-launch on board for short trips, no recess of any fiord that we might wish to see could escape unvisited. After exploring several of them, the Sogne Fiord especially, we found ourselves one June evening passing the Arctic Circle, and approaching Bodø, the southernmost town within that line. We had been sketching at our anchorage of the previous night, right through from one day to another (scene, a few red-timbered fish-containing warehouses, standing in the water almost, some stacks of fish in course of being dried on the sloping rock, which looked like sheaves of corn against the purple and gold of a line of peaks to the north, and behind us a range of snow-streaked mountain, fiercely red in the sunset); but there the sun had touched the sea, — to-night we were to see him move along the crests of the far-off Lofodens, with no lessening of his splendor, and spring upwards without a moment's rest. A rock prevented our seeing this from the harbor of Bodø itself, so a hill was to be ascended which avoided or overlooked all obstacles. A chosen party of the crew went with us. I confess that I felt a twinge of an Englishman's instinctive horror of a show, when I found on landing at eleven o'clock that not only the Union Jack had been brought on shore to be borne aloft before us, but that musical instruments of many kinds had been brought too; that something like a procession was formed, and that no small part of our sailors' enjoyment lay in the notion of "giving a start to the old women of Bodø." We got to the cairn, found the mark which the "Aphrodite's" voyagers had set up on a previous visit, but the great sight of the midnight sun was missed, owing to the cloudy weather. The sailors were my entertainment. They made the dwarf birch-trees of the hillside feed their bonfire by wholesale, loyal and other toasts were drunk and songs sung, of which the

music was pathetic and fairly good; but the words, composed in some cases by one of themselves, did not reward my interest in them; they were too "naturalistic," and I felt that we had not a Burns, or anything like the making of one, amongst our crew. The whole thing made me think a little of that hankering for a return to barbarism which philosophers tell us still lingers in civilized men. I enjoyed it accordingly. The sailors had brought the grotesque masks which played a large part in the fun of the forecabin on Saturday night, — they danced, leaped, and made themselves into monkeys beautifully. I stole round to the other side of the cairn. What a maze of rocks, peaks, and leaden-grey spaces of water! How I thanked our quiet Norwegian pilot, when I saw the quantities of low, rounded rocks just awash with the tide which he had brought us through! How small the group of houses and masts (the "Aphrodite's" among them) which I recognized as Bodø looked, with the rain fretting its narrow channels or sweeping in cloudy volumes along this or that mysterious line of fiord, blurring the faint pinkish light upon some great field of snow or shapeless mass of island or cape, on which a long ray came streaming from a mist-shrouded midnight sun. Northward, the view was a little bit like what an idealizing landscape-painter of the old school — all honor be to them! — might have made out of Gerwentwater, with its islands as seen from above Lodore, by sharpening and steepening Skiddaw a good deal, putting a sharp-peaked rock-island in place of Catbells or Grisedale Pike, and "happening up," as they say in the north, all the rest in grey mist. By this time the sailors had finished their games, their songs ("God save the Queen" to end with, of course), and their transplantation of a small tree to adorn the "Aphrodite" cairn. Their doings had been ordinary enough, but somehow I always liked everything they did. If only we could get such servants for our houses at home! My most esteemed friend and amiable host, sometime M.P. for my own county, had a dark streak of anti-Russian feeling in him; politeness required, in these wild times, that I should keep my reflections to myself about the wickedness of using the splendid strength, activity, quickness, readiness to obey, and unflinching courage of our sailors in careless or selfish alliance with a defence of wrong. The little street of Bodø did not, I dare say, suffer much from the noise we made in our return. Englishmen are popular in

Norway, and whoever did get up to look at our madness did not, we may be sure, anathematize us much. We went to bed at once on getting to the yacht, for we were to see the Lofodens to-morrow, and to start in the "Activ" at eight.

The next morning accordingly saw us steaming across the Vestfjord, as the space of sea is called which lies between the mainland and the long, many-linked chain of the Lofoden Islands. The distance is about forty miles, but this width decreases towards the north, where the last of the chain lies close to the mainland. We steamed straight across to the southernmost but two of these islands, between which and its southern neighbors lies the whirlpool of the Maelström. We had read or heard of Edgar Poe's fantasy on the subject, we had also heard of a Norwegian captain who said he knew of no such whirlpool, — had never heard of it, in fact, except from English tourists! There was room for much imaginative interest between these two extremes, and some risk was really worth running to enable us to judge for ourselves. We had our pilot, who had brought us from Bergen, we had the master and owner of the "Activ," who had a wife and six children and the uninsured "Activ" besides; but to make assurance trebly sure, we allowed the pilot to stop at the village nearest to the dreaded thing, and take on board a fisherman able to tell us exactly what we might or might not do with it. The scenery of this village, Skoorvag, was wild in the extreme, all rock and ravine, with sharp teeth of serrated crags, which reminded me of the Coolin Hills in Skye. Our fisherman-guide came on board as we were finishing luncheon. He liked the job immensely; "the tide was just right," but whether for our safety or for the display of the Maelström's character I could not make out, but hoped that something between the two was meant. A very few minutes' steaming round the point of Mosknæs put this question and the powers of the "Activ" to the test. The roughness, only a gentle slide over a rather big wave at first, almost immediately increased to a violent pitching, a tar-barrel broke loose, spare coals tumbled about the deck, everything went astray which could not hold or be held tight, and the captain and proprietor of the "Activ" looked as if he would not let his boat meddle with the Maelström again, if he could help it. It was like the race of Portland or of Alderney in a stiff breeze, the sailors said. I thought of the strength of our engine —

thirty horse-power, I believed — and hoped that the Maelström was not going to be worse, and that the getting the vessel round for our return would be managed nicely. However, we ran right through, and looked at the receding precipices of the Lofodens, from the seaward side, then took a wide sweep, and ran through the race again, which was a trifle quieter when we had the tide with us. The wildest forms of rock and mountain would add nothing to the terrors of such a scene as this strait between Mosknæs and Væro would present in wild weather. We, however, could afford to marvel at the height and steepness of the Lofoden wall, two thousand feet clear on the one side, and the pitiless, sharp-toothed rocks of Moskna, on the other, with their base lost in the bright mist of raging waves, — a misty light which shone far away in the western sun, over a dark wavy line of rushing waters. There certainly was a Maelström, the ebb and flow of so large a body of water as the Vestfjord, through so small a strait, and the sudden and enormous increase in the depth of the sea between the two islands, forming a mighty Niagara, in fact, below the surface, being sufficient cause. Fortunately, as in the case of many another of nature's terrible things, it does not interfere much with man and his work. Fishermen, though their business lies perilously near, know its humors well, and when and how to avoid them. By the way, the quantity of fish caught in these waters is something startling, the take of one season being reckoned by millions. We made a purchase of three or four hundred fish (good eatable ones, we found afterwards), at the village where we landed our fisherman pilot, for the value of an English half-crown. This village was the centre of a fine picture. For once I thought nature had contented herself with a noble arrangement of black and white alone, with her purple-black rocks set in almost columnar masses, and sword-like streams of dazzling snow in every fissure. It was only man who had thrown in some strong bits of Indian red in the painted timber of the houses, and perhaps I am unfair to nature in forgetting some small patches of vivid emerald green. We regained the luxury of the "Aphrodite," in the harbor of Bodø, at 11.30.

So much for a grey picture. The next day brought me one with more color in it. We had started for the south, the morning was dull, and I had thought that it was a day for writing letters below; but com-

ing on deck in the afternoon, I found that all had changed. I must say beforehand that passing this part of the coast on our way northward, I thought I had never seen such dreariness, such ranges of huge, formless rocks, and such gloom in cloud and sky. I could not enjoy, could hardly endure its inky gloom. Now the last fragments of mist were vanishing from each mountain mass, which rose in Egyptian squareness of light and shade immediately from the calm water in which it was reflected,—snow-fields, warm in the afternoon sunshine, showed themselves through every deep gap or trench between them. Sometimes one of these blocks of mountain formed an island of itself, and we glided between it and the mainland, and one after another of these islands, together with the mainland, formed a setting for a long vista of rose-hued peak and precipice and snow-field, which kept their place for hours, only with more and more sunlit atmosphere between us and them. I could not help noting how seldom nature, even in Norway, indulges in the vagary of perfectly perpendicular precipices; how she keeps to a fair admixture of slope and *débris*-slide, with intervals only of sheer descent; but here in the mountains which we were passing about ten o'clock P.M., the greatest lover of idealized steepness could not but be content with reality. They were obelisks and monoliths rather than mountains, with deep desolate hollows of valley or sea-gulf resting in purple shadow at their feet, and the flowing curves and radiant light of one of the largest glacier-bearing fields in Norway encompassing them above. There were no peaks in that snowy background, only lines of rock, which seemed to support its curves, and clasp them here and there with gorgeous jewels. You could hardly imagine any passes to tempt you to invade that silence, but rested content in the impression of sublimity conveyed by the delicate fitting of the snow-line with the olive-green of the clear sky. But if there was something almost lunar-looking in the vividness of the light, the abruptness of the chasms, and the depth of the shadows flung across them, the link with life and our own dearly-beloved humanity was supplied by the tall, square sail, overtaken now and then, of some deep-laden *yagt* threading her way slowly through the labyrinth of rocks; by the eider-ducks, which clustered upon their shelves and amongst the rich brown seaweed, and hardly stirred as we passed them by; or by the glow of the sun re-

flected from a window under the projecting roof of some fisherman's house, solitary, but for one or two vessels anchored close by for the night. By this time it was after eleven o'clock,—we had not actually seen the sun above the horizon at midnight the night before, if we could only remain where we were for another half-hour, the rocks on the seaward side were sufficiently low and scattered to allow us so to see him, and his splendor was strange and wonderful now. The tawny, dusky, but dazzling and clear gold of the light, the purple which was all but black of the sea, the dusk-red and bronze of the rocks, the scarlet of the yacht's mast and ropes and of our own figures, were certainly not such as I had ever seen before. We slacken the speed of our steamer, so as only just to keep the hawser from fouling the screw. Now a sphinx-like rock comes between us and the sun. Shall we get rid of that before twelve, or will the sun rise again before that other rock comes in the way? Is our time wrong, and is that shadow upon the snow really lessening with the sun's ascent? The sailors run up to the masthead, one of our party follows, and gets his feet chalked at about the twentieth ratline for venturing upon those sacred ropes. Now it is undoubtedly twelve, and there is the sun burning as at noonday, now clearly speeding upward, with no rose of dawn, but with the same dusky glow and fierce lustre as had attended his descent. It is too late to talk of Hestmando, the wonderful mountain with its wild legend, which we are passing now. The yacht speeds on, and I am richer by the memory of such a midnight as can only be seen within the Arctic circle.

A. W. HUNT.

From The Saturday Review.

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS.

THE words and phrases which become prominent through their frequent repetition at different times throw light on the passing customs of these periods. By going carefully through a file of newspapers for the last twenty or thirty years, and selecting the particular terms which have successively come into frequent use, we might learn not a little respecting the changes of social habits and modes of thought which have marked this interval. Among the phrases which happen just now to be prominent elements of our current talk, "general impression" seems to

occupy a place. When we ask our chance companion at a dinner-party for his or her opinion respecting some new book, the common answer is, "I have a favorable impression of it on the whole." A person appears to be able to make out his claim to knowledge respecting a work of science or of art, a country or a public character, by showing that he has a general impression of the object. More than this, if you press a person touching the details of the object or class of objects of which he professes to be generally cognizant, you will probably be regarded as rudely and disagreeably inquisitive. There seems to be a tacit understanding abroad in polite society that the amount of knowledge which can be counted on as a common possession, and as a basis for interesting conversation, is limited to general impressions. If we turn to the lighter literature of the day which specially aims at instructing society, we find an apparent recognition of the supreme value of general impressions. The newspaper correspondent hurries over the details of the scene or event he is describing in order to define the general impression it has left on his mind. The art-critic, again, aims not so much at giving a distinct and complete idea of the several parts and relations of the work he is judging as at characterizing one or two of its predominant qualities. So, too, the reviewer of a scientific book is apt to care but little about conveying an adequate conception of the several lines of argument of which it consists, and to concentrate his energies on the task of picking out and defining its general tendencies. In this way supply appears to adjust itself to demand; the need of a number of general impressions in the minds which are to be instructed calls forth a corresponding direction of effort on the part of the instructors.

If we carefully inquire into the worth of these general impressions as elements of knowledge, we are not likely to arrive at a very favorable judgment. It is evident on the slightest reflection that they are in their nature incomplete and fragmentary. Suppose the thing to be known is some scientific doctrine — for example, Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection. This idea is a complex one, involving distinct principles. Further, it reposes on a certain basis of fact and observation. No clear idea of the theory is possible unless the several principles are distinguished, and the appropriate facts to some extent apprehended. Yet most persons' general impression of the theory consists in a

vague idea of some one aspect of it, as the struggle for existence, or man's alleged genealogical relation to certain apes. It is much the same in the case of a work of art. What constitutes the distinguishing style of a painter is something which enters as a fine pervading spirit into all details of his work, and which cannot be seized and appreciated apart from these details. The inartistic mind picks up the phrases which express the general or dominant character of the painter, glibly talk about his subtle feeling for color, his force in dramatic representation, and so on, and thinks he has an adequate conception of the particular artist's style. We do not need to appeal to the teachings of a particular philosophical school in order to show that all such general impressions are essentially vague and fragmentary. Whether or not, as the nominalist teaches, general ideas only exist so far as they include particulars, all thinkers practically admit that the former can only be rendered distinct and definite by constant reference to the latter. Thus, to understand distinctly what is meant by a painter's mode of harmonizing colors, it is necessary to keep in mind some concrete examples of his manner of combination. One may easily verify these observations by talking with persons about the scenery of a country which they have just visited. They describe it in general terms as gloomy, monotonous, or quiet and picturesque; but when pressed to say where in these qualities consist, they fail to satisfy us, and show conclusively that the terms they have employed answer to no definite ideas in their minds.

Not only are such general impressions, when disembodied from the concrete details which constitute their supporting organism, essentially unsubstantial and shadowy, but they are also liable to be erroneous. This arises from the circumstance that such resulting opinions are in many cases reached by an elementary process of inference. It is quite easy, for example, to misinterpret the general drift of a scientific book; and, if none of the facts on which the argument is based are retained, such a misapprehension leads to a permanent and not easily corrigible error. Even when there is no misconception in the first instance, a general impression, unless fixed and rooted in a mass of distinctly apprehended particulars, is apt to become erroneous through the very failures of memory and the transforming influence of the imagination. We find, for example, that our abiding conception

of some book read a long time ago has grown, not only faint, but, so far as it is definite at all, illusory. More particularly those impressions which rest on some emotional effect are liable to become greatly transformed from their original shape. For example, we may have lived awhile abroad with some foreign people. When we returned to England we brought back a fairly definite idea of their leading qualities, and were conscious of cherishing a reasonable sentiment towards them. But when we inspect our present recollection we find it hopelessly confused. All that we are conscious of, perhaps, is a lingering admiration of certain undefinable excellences. The meaning of this is that some part of the impression originally made has by reason of its interesting or emotional character, outlived the rest. This part, however, has not remained unaltered; the feeling has become detached from the definite ideas which at first justified it, and in consequence has been transformed or idealized into something quite incommensurate in degree with the original. Of this we could at once convince ourselves by revisiting the country and approximately renewing the whole impression originally made. Owing to such processes of decay and transformation among our ideas, our general impressions are liable to swerve very widely from the path of accurate judgment. When we reflect how much of our general impressions is made up of likings and dislikings, and how easy it is for these emotions to live on in the absence of the ideas on which they properly depend, we see how great may be the error and injustice into which such general impressions are likely to lead us.

It seems to follow, then, that a man's knowledge when made up of such general impressions is not in a very satisfactory condition. That they should pass for sound information only shows how few care for this acquisition compared with the number of those who desire only its appearance. The excessive estimate of the value of such vague elements of knowledge may be due in part to the false supposition that the general, even when separated from its basis of fact, is worth more than the particular. This undue and sentimental exaltation of the general to the neglect of the concrete and particular has been a fruitful source of illusion in philosophy, and may not improbably have contributed to the popularity of general impressions. Its main source, however, is probably the habit of looking at infor-

mation simply as a social qualification. A certain appearance of general intelligence is at present required in polite society, and the least troublesome way of satisfying this requirement is by accumulating a number of such general impressions.

We by no means wish to say that these vague general impressions are an unmixed evil, which it is desirable to get rid of altogether. It must be apparent, for one thing, that this is not within our power. Except in a few cases where there is an extraordinary memory for details, the natural and inevitable order of things brings about this indefiniteness of conception. We may have studied a subject with the utmost care, yet after a few months we find that all we retain is a vague recollection of its dominant features. Moreover, it is evident that, with the rapid expansion of all kinds of knowledge which characterizes our time, we must either be content with general impressions respecting most subjects, or remain absolutely ignorant of them. And there is no question that the former alternative is to be preferred. Although essentially vague, and liable to be erroneous, these impressions, so far as correct, constitute a modicum of knowledge. A non-musical man, for example, may have a very hazy idea respecting Wagner's theory of opera; yet the knowledge that there is a question for discussion here is not without its value. The chief value of such undefined knowledge is that it enables a man to keep in view the whole field of study. It puts him in a position to understand the extent and variety of the subjects which engage human activity and thought, and a perception of this large object may be expected to exert an elevating moral as well as purely intellectual influence. It is to be remarked, further, that a limited general acquaintance with a subject is useful as a possible starting-point for more intimate study. With mental growth the centre of our intellectual interests is apt to shift to new quarters, and a very slight and inadequate notion of the nature and bearings of a particular department of science may suffice to draw our minds some day in this direction.

How then, it may be asked, should the wise man deal with these general impressions as elements of knowledge? It seems to us that he will accept them as a meagre substitute for full and definite ideas where these are beyond his reach. He certainly will not be content to have no intellectual furniture except general

impressions. He will make sure of a certain region of accurate observation and study, and will endeavor to give to this region the greatest possible area. In this way he will secure a firm footing of fact, from which he will descry more distinctly even the objects which lie remote from his particular standpoint. And, if he can succeed in enlarging his field of special study, so as to make it representative of the principal branches of intellectual activity, he will always have a definite advantage in judging subjects about which he can only acquire a general impression. More than this, such a limited direction of thought in minute and careful study will generate the habit of referring ideas to facts, and will prevent the mistaking of general impressions for adequate information. A mind thus carefully trained in certain directions may derive a considerable advantage from the possession of such a large field of indistinct vision, and by habits of reflection may, for the most part, escape those liabilities to error which, as we have seen, attend the process of forming general impressions. It would thus seem that general impressions bear a certain resemblance to words, in so far as they are "wise men's counters," but "the money of fools." Thoughtful minds will value them not so much for what they are in themselves as for what they represent. It may be said indeed that the main part of the value of a general impression resides in its possibilities, in the detailed and definite knowledge for which it is the temporary substitute. The fools, however, do not recognize this, but fondly imagine that their confused mass of general impressions, which rests on no sure foundation of immediate observation, and which may be said to float loosely in the air, amounts to real cognition. And even many who are not fools, and who are capable of perceiving the difference between these cloudy notions and definite conceptions, seem to choose the former where the latter are possible through the inertia of an indolent temperament impatient of continuous effort. It is to be expected that, so long as men love ease rather than activity, and are able to pass off the counterfeit of knowledge for its reality, the number of those who are contented with the minimum of knowledge implied in general impressions will remain a large one.

From The Spectator.

MR. PONGO.

It is a speciality of places of public entertainment in England, that the approaches to them shall be made as deterrent as possible; that the persons whose duty it is to admit the public shall wear an aspect of gloom and grudge, as of men who know how mistaken one is in supposing one is going to see anything for the shilling entrance-fee, and would prefer to warn the public off the premises, but, such an act of charity being forbidden, would at least suggest by their grumpy carelessness the vanity of human expectations with regard to the particular entertainment beyond their respective doors or turn-tables. Who has not noted the surprise, the discomfort, the sudden falling of the spirits of foreign visitors, when they face for the first time the bare-boarded backwoods'-hut-like approaches to the temples of art, science, and bric-à-brac at South Kensington, the insecure, slanting passages, like nothing but the improvised covered way to Mr. Myers's circus-stable, which lead to the jocosely-styled Horticultural Gardens flower-shows, and the squalid disorder of the Low-Level entrance to the Crystal Palace, which combines a rickety and dangerous staircase from the outside with some dirty pens inside, through which the aspirant to the delights of the palace hurries, over loose, filthy, unevenly-laid boards, but in which he is confined on his way back to the train, under conditions similar to those of a "lock-up," where the tenants are habitually disorderly. We have always put up with things of this kind — was not there a perceptible undercurrent of misgiving when decent entrances to certain theatres were "introduced" by managers whose minds had been influenced by foreign customs in this respect? — and we probably always shall put up with them, but still we must air our grievances concerning the entrances to the Aquarium at Westminster, the dreariest place by daylight — that is, unless our experience was exceptional — within our knowledge. Not the gentle melancholy of which Dickens writes as mostly characteristic of places where one is encouraged by advertisement to expect "a happy day," but a stronger feeling, akin to dismay, takes possession of the visitor who has passed through the creaking turn-table and the doors, with the rough handles which he is to "push" or "pull," according to circumstances, and finds himself in the dingy vastness of the Aquarium, where the

tanks are thinly occupied by a few common specimens of fish, often not of the kinds indicated on the cards supposed to guide the visitor to their contents, and where the smaller cases, containing the tortoises, water-serpents, and baby alligators are exceedingly foul-smelling. Dust and dreariness — both of which, of course, may be accidental — are the pervading elements of the "entertainment," as of so many others; the floor when we visited it was as dusty as that of any metropolitan station, the walls and pillars are disfigured with advertisements, the flowers and shrubs are of the commonest kinds; the galleries are narrow walks between dust-laden rails and tables, covered with ghastly models of fish, and specimens of the blighted hopes of the Zoological Gardens. A plaster cast of an infant hippopotamus, with one leg broken off short, and a "preparation" of monkey, are among the cheering objects which one encounters on one's dusty way to the inconvenient corner at which one finds the narrow door through which one passes to an audience of the distinguished gorilla, Mr. Pongo. At a dirty table stands a boy, who distributes dirty cards of admission to a space in a gallery formed by a rough enclosure of boards, leaving a narrow passage, — exactly like the prisoners' way in a police-court, with the coarsely-papered wall of the gallery on one side, — which is fitted on three sides with rows of chairs, the two-shilling seats being in front, and offering no advantage whatever over the one-shilling seats, except to persons of lively imagination, who discern some in the red rope at their back. A space, with a raised floor, enclosed within wirework, and furnished with a couple of chairs, a horsewhip, a ladder, and a brown blanket, forms the scene of the exhibition of Mr. Pongo, and his friends, — August, the chimpanzee, and the dog Flok. As the audience collect, the depression of disillusion is to be read in their faces. What was the necessity for stowing away the object of so much reasonably expected attraction in a dirty corner, and surrounding him with deterrent accessories? The outer edge of the gallery is shut up with a suffocating curtain, lest a glimpse of the bewildering delights below should be caught by the dismal assemblage who wait for the appearance of Pongo, and a boy, shrill and irrepressible as Dr. Ginery Dunkle (of Troy) himself, screams incessant admonitions about the taking of tickets, even while Mr. Pongo's German attendant is laboriously enunciating the few sentences

in English in which he relates the history and describes the habits of his interesting charge.

Mr. Pongo is a very nice beast, but he is not so clever as August, nor so sympathetic as Flok, and one feels about him after a little while as one feels about the heavy child in a nursery, — that he is good and safe, but hardly amusing. There is something disconcerting about him, too, though it is in one's own mind, not in him; it is the inclination to treat him rather as a human being of the unintelligent, than as an animal of the exceptionally intelligent kind. One speaks to him with marked distinctness and emphasis, and pets him, not with the flippant smartness one would bestow upon "nature's Pulchinello," his companion, but gravely, and with an effort to make him understand, as one might pet one of the harmless "cases" at the Earlswood Asylum. In the quiet heaviness of his manner there is something that makes one feel patient and pains-taking, as with a creature of slow brain and perception; and when he claps his dreadfully human hands, with the black skin in wrinkles on them like ill-fitting gloves, and pounds them on the floor, demanding notice and applauding himself, one claps and nods at him just as one would at a deficient child. He is singularly dumb, too, rarely uttering any sound at all, while one of his friends chatters freely, and the other barks in all the exuberant delight of games of play, of which Mr. Pongo is for the most part only a spectator, decidedly at a disadvantage where general liveliness is in question. When seated on the ground, with his grey back, his round, neatly-formed head, with comparatively small and close-sitting ears, turned towards one, his long arms folded, his spare, small legs, so disproportionate in size to his powerful arms, hidden, his lean thighs tucked close to his thick, bulging, ridgy sides, he is wonderfully like a very strongly-built child to whom "rickets" has come unaccountably, and in contradiction of his apparent constitution. Mr. Pongo's face is amiable, and his attendant declares him to be "very good-natured;" the eyes are serious and quiet, by no means so melancholy as the eyes of most monkeys with whom we have previously been acquainted; and when he hitches himself against the wires of his cage, his legs extended, one arm lying negligently across his lap, and the other indolently raised while he lazily scratches his head, he reminds one of Punch's pictures of an Irish Fenian, without the ferocity, the tattered

tail-coat, and the brimless hat. He is not four years old, but he looks fifty, and there is not the contradiction between his face and his manners which exists in the case of most monkeys, for his demeanor is likewise middle-aged. Not, perhaps, that he remembers the Gaboon, his captivity, and his slaughtered relatives, but that he thinks solemn spectators who don't talk to him a bore, and the corner of the Aquarium gallery dull. He is said to be fond of children, and he certainly brightened up when some came in, but they were shy of him, and did not respond to his hint that a little applause would be agreeable. He gravely climbs the ladder up which August skips with derisive ease, and tests the strength of the wire-work screen of his cage with nice attention; but he seemingly makes up his mind each time that it will not "bear," and relinquishes the attempt to follow the dauntless chimpanzee, who rushes about overhead doing daring trapeze feats, dangling himself by the ropes, just out of reach of the barking and jumping dog, and mocking the much superior strength of Mr. Pongo by his far greater agility. Sometimes he has a friendly rough and tumble with Flok, or gives August an admonitory cuff and roll-over; but for the most part he sits on the floor, watching their play, or arranging his blanket, in which he packs his feet up exactly as we have seen children pack their feet up in their blankets on winter nights, and he uses his hands in these operations in a thoroughly human way. Very like a man and a brother is he also when he drinks out of a bottle, grasping it in both hands, putting his head well back, and emptying the last drop down his throat. It is quite a pleasant diversion from the close resemblance, when, his attention being attracted to another chance of securing the much-disputed blanket, he transfers the bottle to his foot, holding it firmly with the toes. His slight, flat, small-heeled feet are more like those of a man than the feet of any other monkey, we are told, but the likeness ceases with the toes; these are fingers, and have all the movements of fingers; nor is the face human below the brow and eyes. The absence of a nasal promontory, the wide, sunk black nostrils, like those of a hippopotamus on a very small scale, the semi-circular sweep of the mouth; the thick, calf-like tongue, and something in the action of the jaw and throat when the animal lifts up his head and one sees him from the side which also reminds one of a calf, form an unlikeness to the human race

as forcible as the resemblance in other respects is striking.

Mr. Pongo is in excellent health now, but has had two illnesses since he was sold to Dr. Falkenstein, of the Prussian Natural History Expedition, for two gallons of rum, and exchanged his chain in an African village for the more tolerable conditions of his European career. Perhaps he was too young when the hunters took him to have any dreams now of the deep, cool, dark forest, the great luscious fruits, the glorious climbs, and bounds, and fights, the long migrating journeys of the grey-coated community, the booming, inarticulate speech which was the language of his tribe; and it may be that he is happy enough in his artificial life. It includes all the necessities and many of the luxuries of civilization. He goes to bed at eight every evening, "in a very comfortable bed, and sleeps till eight in the morning," his attendant told us, "always lying on his side, with his hand under his cheek on the pillow, like a man," and he eats numerous meals with unflinching appetite. Once a day he has an ample repast of roast meat and potatoes; and his breakfast, luncheon, and supper consist of milk, wine-and-water, bread, rice, eggs, fruit, and vegetables. He is on the best of terms with his attendant, and it was very funny to see him lying negligently on his back in a slanting-upwards position on the ladder, his eyes turned up to the ceiling, one hand dangling downwards, and the other thrown round the neck of his friend, as the latter repeated his brief formula to a freshly-arrived batch of spectators. Mr. Pongo had quite an irresistible air of enjoying the proceeding; he rolled his tongue about, and when the sentence, "His present value is five thousand pounds!" was spoken, he withdrew his arm, gave the speaker a friendly cuff, as who should say, "What! you're at it again, are you? Fetch 'em with figures, my boy!" and dived rapidly over and under the rung of the ladder, looking at the audience upside down from between his own legs with a composed gravity infinitely comical. He never attempts to stand upright; he is too heavy, his attendant explained, and his legs are not yet strong enough to support his weight. But it is expected that he will grow to a height of six feet, and then stand upright, as the full-grown gorilla has been seen by travellers to do. At present his mode of progression is like that of a tumbler who is about to be picked up suddenly by a pinch behind from the clown in the ring. He

walks on his feet and his hands—the latter turned in, fist-shape, and looking like small club-feet—and his back slopes gently down from his broad shoulders to his thin, misshapen flanks. Mr. Pongo is an interesting, if not precisely a fascinating animal, and the strongest proof of his quaint suggestion of kinship with his visitors is that one is never free from a queer sense of bad manners in asking questions about him before his grave, black face; and that one leaves him with a wish that he might have something to do, or at least something to read.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE MONGOOSE.

WE sometime ago published an account of that deadly snake the cobra, from the pen of a now well-known writer on Indian sports. In that paper it was given as the opinion of Dr. Fayer, author of a splendid work on Indian poisonous serpents, that a human being if bitten by a cobra in full vigor, was entirely beyond the reach of any known antidote; death was certain. In the following paper, which is from the pen of the author of the article above mentioned, some curious facts are adduced relative to the mongoose or ichneumon, an animal which is credited in many parts of India with being proof against snake-bite! With these few words of introduction, we leave our sporting friend to describe the little creature.

In countries where snakes and other noxious reptiles abound, nature, as a means of checking the excessive increase of such plagues, has provided certain animals, both biped and quadruped, which, by continually preying upon and destroying snakes of all kinds, both large and small, fulfil a most useful office, and confer an inestimable benefit on man. The peccary of South America, a small but fearless species of the hog tribe, will not flinch from an encounter with such a terrible foe as the deadly rattlesnake; but, encased in a hide of extreme toughness, quickly despatches and devours his scaly antagonist. The secretary-bird of southern Africa, belonging to the falcon tribe, habitually subsists on reptiles of all kinds. In Europe the stork acts a similar part; and many other useful birds and beasts, performing the same good work, might be mentioned.

In India, where serpents are specially common and destructive to human life, we

have various kinds of snake-devourers, such as storks and cranes and the well-known adjutant. Peafowl are especially active in destroying small descriptions of snakes; and others of the feathered race assist in the work. But in general, animals of all kinds have a natural dread, and carefully avoid permitting themselves to come in contact with, or even close proximity to a member of the snake tribe, instinctively aware of the danger of meddling with such creatures.

The little ichneumon (a Greek word signifying a follower of the tracks or footsteps) or mongoose of India, is, however, a bright exception to this rule, for not only will he, when so disposed, without fear of consequences readily enter into mortal combat with the most venomous descriptions of snakes, but will even seek them out, attack, slay, and devour them, their young, or eggs, in their various strongholds and hiding-places.

The common gray mongoose (*Herpestes griseus*), called by the natives of Northern India *neweld*, is exceedingly abundant everywhere. In general shape and contour, though not in color, it is much like a ferret, and in many other ways resembles one of the weasel tribe. In size it is considerably larger than a ferret; and the hair which covers the body, instead of lying smooth and feeling soft to the touch, as that of the ferret, is coarse and bristly. The color, which varies much in different parts of the country and according to the season of the year, is generally of a reddish brown, speckled over with gray. Its length from tip of nose to tip of tail is about two feet. The snout is sharply pointed, ears short and round, eyes small and piercing; the jaws are armed with a formidable set of teeth, the canines being especially sharp and long.

The mongoose frequents gardens, thick hedgerows, and scrub jungle; and if left unmolested, and not hunted by dogs, will often take up its abode in some burrow or hole in a bank in close proximity to inhabited buildings. Though in general nocturnal in habits, yet it may often be seen crossing a road or footpath during the day, usually pausing a moment to look around and make sure that the coast is clear of dogs and such-like enemies before venturing to cross open ground. It possesses in common with the weasel tribe the habit of constantly sitting up on its hind legs to listen or obtain a better view around. I never, however, have observed it *feeding* in this position, like a squirrel, as has been stated to be the case. The mongoose has

not the wandering propensities of the weasel tribe, one day here, the next miles away, but takes up its residence and remains in one particular spot, to which it returns, after roaming through the country around in search of food. A single animal, sometimes a pair, is usually seen at a time, seldom more; and I have never myself beheld, or heard of, large numbers travelling together, as we know stoats and weasels not unfrequently do. Though seldom if ever known to ascend trees, even when pursued by an enemy, the little creature may frequently be seen hunting about on the roofs of outhouses or deserted buildings of no great height, to which it has ascended probably by means of holes in the walls; but strictly speaking, the mongoose is not a climber, like the squirrel and marten.

Our little friend has been described as an excellent swimmer; but I imagine that it does not readily take to water, for I have never seen it swimming across streams or pools, though the banks of rivers, especially when honeycombed with rat-holes, and affording cover to the animal's usual prey, are much frequented by it. It is an exceedingly courageous creature, and capable of inflicting severe punishment on animals far larger than itself, with its formidable teeth. A full-grown and powerful tomcat belonging to my regiment, the terror of all the squirrels in the neighborhood, was worsted and most severely mauled in an encounter of his own seeking with a harmless mongoose. The latter, surprised in the first instance and hard pressed by his opponent, turned on his assailant, and bit him through the face, inflicting so severe a wound, extending as it did from the corner of the eye to the mouth, that the aggressor was compelled to beat a retreat, having caught a regular Tartar. For many weeks we all thought that the sight of the injured optic was destroyed, though eventually the contrary proved to be the case; but puss forever after carefully avoided seeking a quarrel with such an undaunted little champion.

The mongoose at times is mischievous; and not unfrequently during the night invades the poultry-yard; and when intent on making an entrance into a hen-roost, is a difficult thief to keep out, for the creature manages to creep through very small openings and crevices. Having once succeeded in forcing its way in, the mongoose, like many others of its tribe, not content with obtaining a single fowl sufficient to furnish a hearty meal, is given to the bad habit of slaying half a dozen or more un-

fortunates, which it never attempts to carry off, but leaves scattered about the floor.

In spite, however, of such small "pecadillos" and insignificant petty thefts, which I believe are the sum-total of crimes which can be with justice laid to the charge of the little animal, the mongoose, on account of its many admirable qualities and the exceedingly useful office it fulfils, should ever be encouraged and protected by man. Not only does it continually hunt for and prey upon reptiles of various kinds, devouring their young and eggs alike, but cobras and other venomous snakes, on becoming aware of such an active and dreaded little adversary being in their midst, speedily leave such a neighborhood, and betake themselves to other and safer quarters; and as we know that the smell of a cat suffices to keep away rats and mice from our dwellings, so in like manner will a mongoose, by continually prowling about a house, in a great measure free the premises from snakes, rats, mice, and such vermin.

The mongoose in its wild state, if kindly treated, fed with milk, and made a welcome visitant, speedily loses its natural fear of human beings, and not only will pass along the veranda of a house, but if unmolested, soon learns to cross from one room to another by an open door or window. When captured young, it is very easily reared and domesticated, and soon becomes familiarized with the loss of liberty. It is cleanly in its habits, and has no offensive odor pertaining to it, like many of its tribe. It will trot about after its owner like a dog or cat, and even permit children to handle or play with it, without attempting to bite or scratch them. I have seen one curled up asleep in a lady's lap. They are special favorites of the British soldiers in the barracks, and dozens of such pets may be seen in a single building.

Being, as I have already stated, a deadly foe to the cobra, battles between that formidable reptile and the mongoose are of constant occurrence; but I never have had the good fortune to witness a combat between the two animals in *their wild state*, though I have several times seen large and formidable snakes despatched within a few minutes of the commencement of the fight, by tame ichneumons; and I imagine that the tactics employed on both sides are much the same whether the champions have casually met in the jungle, or the duel has been arranged for them by human beings.

In the various encounters which I have

personally witnessed between mongoose and cobra, the former invariably came off the victor, and that without apparently receiving a wound. The little animal always adopted the same tactics, vigorously attacking the snake by circling round it and springing at its throat or head, but at the same time with wonderful skill and quickness avoiding the counter-strokes of its dangerous enemy; till at length waiting for a favorable opportunity—when the snake had become to a certain extent exhausted by its exertions—the nimble little quadruped would suddenly dart forward, and, so to speak, getting under its opponent's guard, end the fight by delivering a crunching bite through the cobra's skull.

In none of the half-dozen battles which I have witnessed has there been an attempt on the part of the mongoose to "extract the serpent's fangs," (as some recent writers have described); though more than once, after gaining the victory, the animal has commenced to ravenously devour its late opponent. Possibly these poor creatures, that showed so inordinate a desire for food, had been intentionally starved for the occasion by their owners, to make them the more eager to engage and overcome the cobra so soon as let loose, and thus without fail or delay to insure a pitched battle for the benefit of the spectators.

As the reader is probably aware, these combats between mongoose and cobra have given rise to many differences of opinion and disputes among naturalists; though I think that the careful inquiries and numberless experiments made by scientific men in late years have done much to clear up these old points of contention, and at the same time have put to flight many delusions no longer tenable. For instance, a common belief formerly prevailed "that a mongoose, when bitten in an engagement with a cobra or other venomous snake, was in the habit of eating some kind of plant or root, which altogether nullified the effects of the poison." This extraordinary idea yet prevails in some parts of India among certain classes of natives, who to this day maintain that the mongoose, by means of some such specific as I have mentioned, works a self-cure when bitten by a venomous reptile. But it is a well-known fact that many tribes and castes are exceedingly superstitious and obstinate, pertinaciously clinging to the convictions, maxims, and customs handed down to them by their forefathers; and with such people it is,

generally speaking, useless to enter into an argument.

We shall now proceed to consider a second and far more difficult point to determine, and which, I think, yet remains a vexed question, requiring further investigation. I refer to the supposition, which many maintain, "that the poison from the fangs of venomous snakes, though so fatal in its results with most living creatures, is *innocuous to the genus to which the mongoose belongs*, and that one of these animals, beyond suffering pain from the bite of a cobra, sustains no further harm or inconvenience."

Many strong and weighty arguments have been urged in support of this theory; and perhaps the most remarkable that has ever been brought before the public appeared many years ago in an article published in the *Churchman's Magazine* entitled "A Question in Natural History Settled at Last." The writer, after ably sustaining his view of the question, concludes by publishing at length a most interesting communication from India, giving a detailed account of a prolonged and bloody engagement between mongoose and cobra. This letter was signed by three officers of the Indian army, witnesses of the combat, and who vouched for the strict accuracy of the report. The particulars of this desperate duel, which actually lasted three quarters of an hour, with the various changes and incidents as the combat proceeded, are minutely described; but after a gallantly contested battle, the mongoose proved the victor, and the cobra was overcome and slain. The former, however, did not come off scathless, but, on the contrary, received several wounds, including one of great severity.

When the encounter was over, the witnesses proceeded to carefully examine, with a magnifying glass, the wounds which the mongoose had received, in order to ascertain and satisfy themselves of their extent and nature; and mark the important discovery brought to light by aid of the lens. I will quote the concluding words of the narrative: "On washing away the blood from one of these places the lens disclosed *the broken fang of the cobra deeply imbedded in the head of the mongoose*. . . . We have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days ago), and it is now as healthy and lively as ever."

It cannot be denied that such clear and trustworthy evidence as this carries considerable weight with it, and tends to bear out the writer's view of the question. On

the other hand, to deal impartially, it is right to point out one or two weak points in carrying out this otherwise well-conducted experiment, and which somewhat detract from the results and consequent opinions arrived at.

In the first place, we are told that the cobra was only three feet long, undoubtedly a very small one; and further, that previous to engaging the mongoose, to make sure that the reptile was in full possession of its fatal powers, it was made to bite a fowl, which died soon after. This certainly clearly proved that the snake's deadly machinery was in full working order. But the experimentalists appear to have forgotten that by this very act they were in a measure disarming the cobra, for it is a well-known fact that the *first* bite of a venomous snake is most to be feared; and that a second bite by the same reptile, if delivered shortly after the first, owing to the poison having been partially exhausted by the first effort, is less deadly in its effects.

So that, all things considered, and fully allowing that this account strengthens the assertion that the mongoose is really proof against the effects of snake-poison, I am yet of opinion that the question is not finally and conclusively settled, more especially as later experiments, quite as fairly and carefully carried out, have terminated differently, and resulted in the death of the plucky little fellow.

From Chambers' Journal.

MUSHROOM CULTIVATION IN JAPAN.

IN pursuance of a plan commenced a short time back of furnishing information respecting the staple products of Japan, their culture or preparation, her Majesty's consul at Yokohama, in his published report to the Foreign Office, deals, among other matters, with the cultivation, etc., of mushrooms; and as that subject is a novel one in this country, some brief account of the process may not be unacceptable to our readers. The best of the edible species of mushrooms are known to the Japanese as *matsu-také* and *shii-také*. The difficulties experienced in preserving the former kind prevent their being available for export, added to which, even when successfully dried, they are nearly tasteless; the *shii-také*, on the other hand, have this peculiar excellence, that though they are all but tasteless in their raw state, they have an extremely fine flavor when they

are dried. The quantity that grows naturally on the decayed roots or cut stumps of the *shii*-tree is not sufficient to meet the demand, and consequently much skill has been brought to bear on their cultivation, notably by cutting off the trunks of the *shii* and other trees, and forcing the growth of the mushrooms on them. Different varieties of oak are most in favor with the Japanese for the cultivation of mushrooms, the one just mentioned being considered to give the best results. The tree grows abundantly in warm places with a southeasterly aspect, and attains a height of about eighteen or nineteen feet. It is an evergreen, bearing small acorns, which are steamed and eaten; the wood is used for making boats' oars, charcoal, etc. Another oak, the *kashiwa*, from which mushrooms are obtained, is also plentiful in warm localities, and grows to a height of thirty or forty feet; its leaves are used in cookery, and the wood is in great demand for divining-sticks. A third description of oak, the *donguri*, is found all over the country; and its acorns, after being pounded and steeped in water, are made into dumplings.

Mushrooms, we are told, are obtained from any of the above-mentioned trees in the following manner: about the beginning of autumn a trunk five or six inches in diameter is selected and cut up into lengths of four or five feet; each log is then split into four pieces; and on the outer bark slight incisions are made at once with a hatchet, or else the logs are left till the following spring, when deep cuts are made in them. Assuming the former course to have been pursued, the logs, after having received several slight incisions, are placed in a wood where they can get the full benefit of the air and heat; and in about three years they will have become tolerably rotten in parts. After the more rotten parts have been removed, they are placed in a slanting position; and about the middle of the ensuing spring the mushrooms will come forth in abundance. After these have been gathered, the logs are still kept, and submitted to the following process. Every morning they are steeped in water, and in the afternoon they are taken out and beaten with a mallet; they are then ranged on end in the same slanting position as before; and in two or three days' time mushrooms will again make their appearance. In some places it is the custom to beat the logs so heavily that the wood swells, and this seems to induce the growth of mushrooms of more than ordinarily large size. If, however, the logs are

beaten gently, a great number of small mushrooms grow up in succession. Another mode of forcing the growth of mushrooms is to bury the cut logs at once in the earth, and after the lapse of a year, to take them out and treat them in the manner just described.

The mushrooms thus grown are stored in a barn on shelves ranged along three sides, with braziers lighted underneath. Afterwards they are put into small boxes, the bottoms of which are lined with either straw or bamboo mats; these are placed on the shelves, and gradually dried with great care. Another mode of drying mushrooms is to string them on thin slips of bamboo, which are piled together near the brazier, the heat being kept in by inverting a closely woven basket over them.

Of other edible mushrooms in Japan besides the *shii-také*, Mr. Robertson particularizes the following: the *kikurage*, which grows in spring, summer, and autumn, on the mulberry, the willow, and other trees; it is a small, thin, and soft mushroom, very much marked at the edge, and of a brownish tinge; the *iwa-také*, which grows on rocks in thick masses; the *so-také*, a very delicately flavored mushroom, which is found on precipitous crags, and is consequently scarce, owing to the difficulties attendant upon its collection; the *kawa-také*, a funnel-shaped mushroom with a long hollow stalk, which is found in shady spots on moorland.

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THE PROTECTION OF IRON AGAINST RUST.

A MOST important method has been devised by Professor Barff for preserving iron from rust. As far as we are able to judge from the results of the experiments which have thus far been made, the process is one of manifold application, and bids fair to prove of the greatest service in many branches of industry. Professor Barff has discovered a means of rendering all kinds of ironwork, however much exposed to the weather or to corrosive vapors and liquids, practically indestructible and permanent. Iron when exposed to the action of water or moist air begins to rust, a film of ferrous oxide being in the first instance formed upon its surface; this rapidly takes up more oxygen from

the air, and a higher oxide, the sesquioxide, is formed; the latter compound gives up some of the oxygen to the unchanged metal beneath it, and the fresh ferrous oxide thus produced slowly unites with more oxygen, which traverses the porous layer of sesquioxide overlying it; in this manner the change is propagated to greater and greater depths, until in process of time the whole of the metal may be converted into rust. Various methods are employed to check this oxidation; paints and varnishes are used with, however, only partial success, from the fact that the adhesion of those materials to the metallic surface is imperfect, and they are liable to scale off and disintegrate with changes of temperature. Professor Barff proposes as a remedy the covering of the face of the metal with a layer of the oxide of iron, intermediate in composition between the two compounds we have above alluded to, the ferroso-ferric or magnetic oxide; and this he accomplishes by exposing the metal to the action of superheated steam at a high temperature. Iron treated in this manner for from six to seven hours at 1200° F. becomes covered with a black film of magnetic oxide, which adheres to it even more firmly than the metallic particles adhere to each other, and is sufficiently hard to resist the action of a file. At his lecture delivered before the Society of Arts, and subsequently at a *soirée* held in the Royal Society's rooms, Professor Barff showed specimens, treated by his method, which had passed unscathed through a six weeks' exposure to bad weather on a lawn in Bayswater, as well as others which had been lying in contact with corrosive liquids of every kind in the sink of a laboratory. It is easy to conceive of applications being made of Professor Barff's method which may prove of the greatest value and importance. Among many which have been suggested are the protection of the plates of steam-boilers and of iron ships, the use of iron saucepans in place of tinned vessels, iron for many domestic purposes replacing the more costly copper; and we may, moreover, look forward to the time when leaden pipes for the conveyance of water will be entirely superseded. Again, there is every reason to suppose that this new process possesses many advantages over "galvanizing" applied to materials made of iron.